THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVII No. 1789

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

MAY 5 1934

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THE SPHERE

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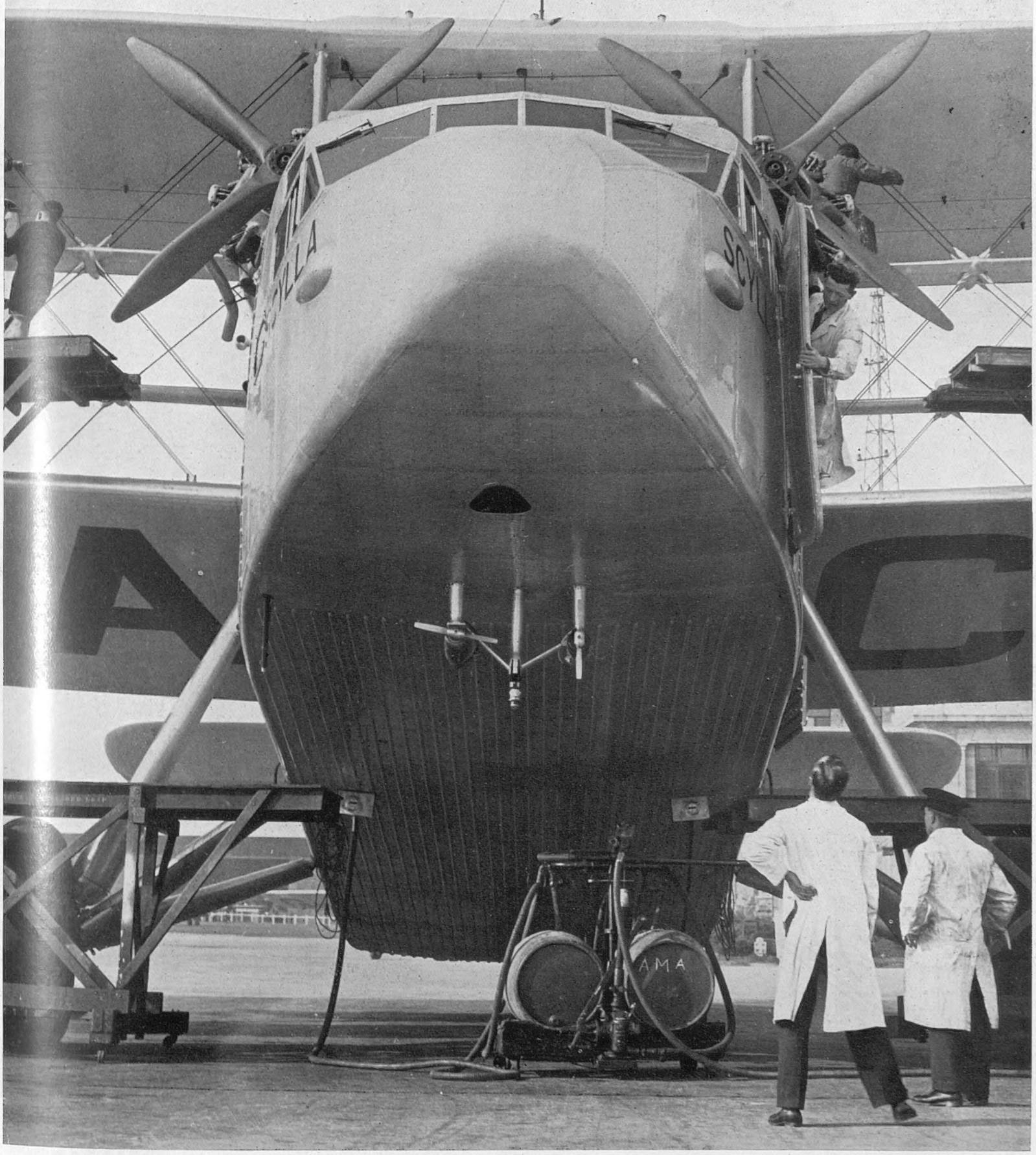
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, May 5, 1934

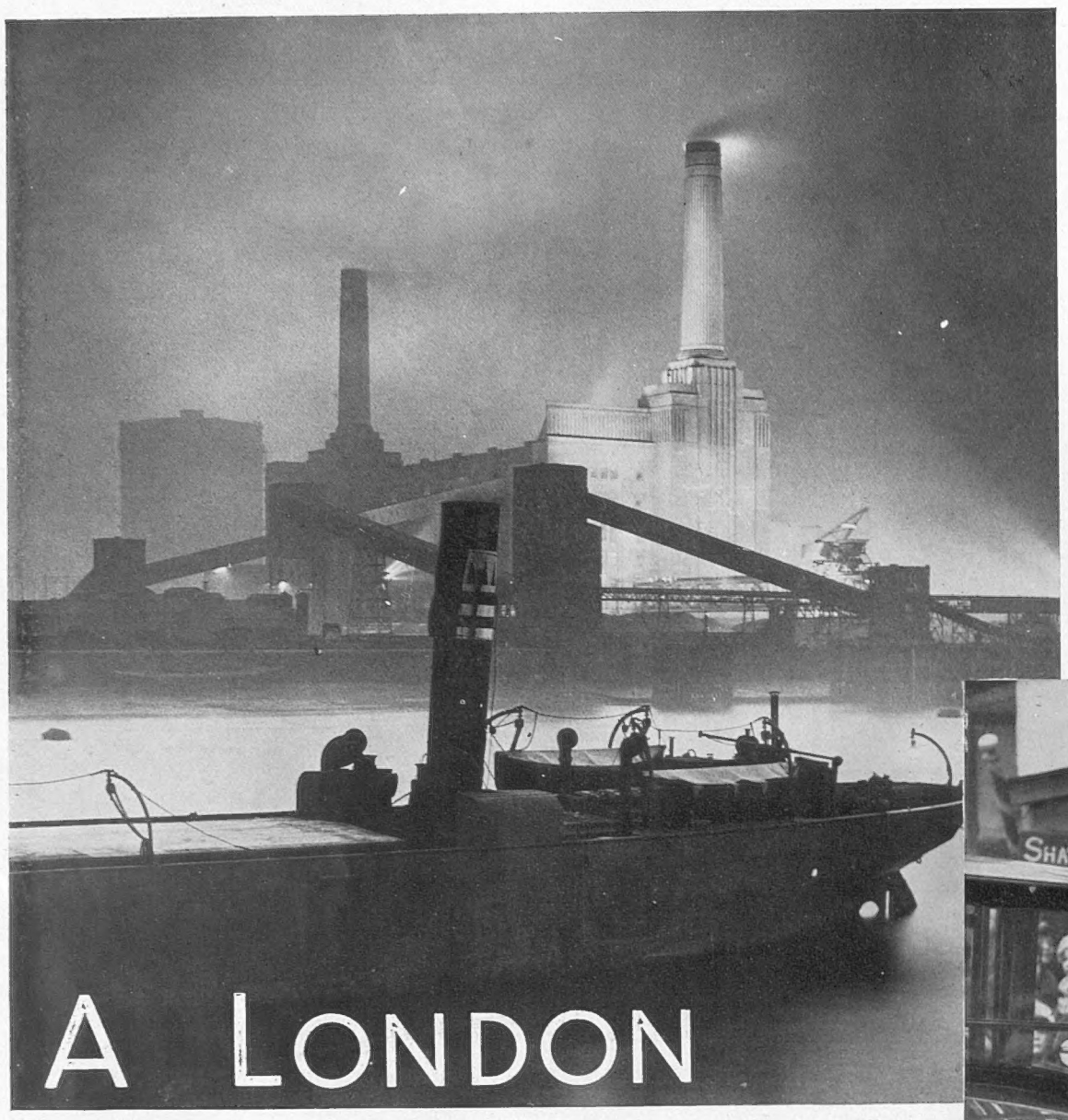


BRITAIN'S BIGGEST AIR LINER

"Scylla," Owned by Imperial Airways: A Prop.-swinger's View

The wonderful new thirty-eight passenger, *Scylla*, ordered by Imperial Airways from the firm of Short Brothers of Rochester, is the world's biggest air-liner. It arrived at Croydon on Monday, and the following day made its first test flight from London to Paris. It has three roomy saloons and carries a crew of four. It has four 555-h.p. supercharged British Jupiter engines which propel the huge craft at a cruising speed of 105 m.p.h. The picture reproduced here, taken after *Scylla's* arrival at Croydon, gives a fine impression of the huge proportions of the new 'plane. Two of the cabins are more than 10 ft. wide and 7 ft. high. One is more than 22 ft. long. A table is rigged between each row of chairs

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.



A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, May 2, 1934.

MARKING TIME.—Politically the past week was a period of marking time, while Governments examined the French and Japanese pronouncements, both of which in their different ways had a peculiarly stunning effect on international conversations. As Mr. Nicholson says (in one of *The Times* excerpts from his *Curzon*), relations between individuals are governed by legal sanctions, but those between nations are governed by nothing but a few vaguely accepted conventions. International relations feed upon half-truths and polite fictions, and so it is natural that when, in such a circle, a spade is suddenly called a spade, there should follow a pained silence. Japan called "spades," and the sensation was painful. Disarmament is as usual marking time; and German War Debts are doing the same in the wings, waiting their cue to cross the stage. In politics at home, it was not so much marking time as slogging on with routine work. Two bills, in which the public is vitally interested, are following normal stages through Parliament. The Betting and Lotteries Bill is (as was inevitable) being whittled down, and it will look ineffective when the process is complete. The Road Traffic Bill is going forward with surprisingly little alteration or curtailment. Social London "marked time" till the official opening of the Season. As for Proserpine, she marked time with a vengeance, took one look at the green earth and popped back down the area steps and relit the gas, missing two thrilling finals, the Cup and the English golf championship. A disappointing April. So, by your leave, I allowed my mind (and body) to wander.

THE GLORIES OF HAARLEM.—On my last visit to Holland, I was too early for the tulips. Last week I was more lucky. That famous and dazzling exhibition along the Amsterdam-Leiden Road was at its very best and the sun came through a cold grey sky to do justice to a sight which, once seen, is never forgotten. The bulb cultivators seem to be as much alive to the artistic as to the commercial side. The great blocks of colour melt into shades, each a little deeper than the last, white to pale gold, to yellow, to orange, to scarlet, to crimson, to purple, or palest blues to deeper blues and purple. There are shades of blue which exactly match the canal water under a blue sky and give a curious effect of a neatly ordered lake. And there are acres which seem actually aflame with a riotous blending of orange and gold and scarlet and crimson. Examined closely, each bloom is perfect, each stalk exactly the height of its neighbour. Perfectly squared off, divided by parallel lines of irrigation, the plants stand out of the pale gold sand and, in the hyacinth fields, the visitor is intoxicated by the sight and the smell. It is sad to see the cultivators busily nipping off the useless heads of thousands of these blooms and throwing them on scrap heaps whose colours alone are worth the journey. It is indeed a week-end banquet, that visit to Holland. There is *The Night Watch*, Rembrandt's masterpiece, at the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam. The delicious Franz Hals gallery at Haarlem; the perfect Moritzhuis at the Hague with its glories of Vermeer and Potter, and for the more materially minded there is the food at the *Royale*.

THE CHARM OF THE HAGUE.—I wish the nightingales sang in the spring in Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens as they sing all day in the Bosch at the Hague. Because we never hear them in the heart of London, we should regard as romantic in the extreme their performances, heard, say, from the Ritz terrace or the gardens of Spencer House. But the Dutchman in the smartest capital in Europe does not appreciate the singer, and the golfer finds the incessant noise puts him off his game. What is the secret of the Hague's charm? Its wide streets, its endless blocks of substantial buildings (built with those tiny Ysel brown bricks, made at Arnhem) in a modern style which harmonizes exactly with the ancient and sombre buildings, or the blue canals bordered with green grass, and chestnuts and willows? I am inclined to think it is, first and foremost, the relief which the traveller finds in coming to a city neither absolutely flat nor utterly devoid of natural woods. The ground of the dunes rises towards Scheveningen, and charming woods stretch all the way along the Leiden Road. But the great speed-track from Delft to Rotterdam is a nightmare of stark, flat bareness. The Hague is certainly charming; as certainly it is terribly expensive. But I do not criticize it, beyond wondering why the capital of bulb-land does not sport a few tulips in its public green spaces. I could not criticize a city or a nation which can teach us much—nay everything—about the problem of modern housing without shoddiness and vulgarity.

TOLPUDDLE.—It is but a step from Rotterdam to Tolpuddle. A conscientious journalist must keep abreast of topical events. So naturally I paid pious pilgrimage to Tolpuddle. It lies in the centre of the "puddles" that are to be found between Wimborne and Dorchester, and it seemed to be entirely unconscious of its temporary fame as a centenary portent. Somehow I could not visualize it as the cradle of a great modern movement and force. It seemed to me (as it must have appeared to those pioneers and martyrs) a little lost and straggling village in a long valley half hidden under the ridges of low Downs. There was nothing to connect it with movement or modernity. Indeed, a few miles beyond Wimborne, the real old English country first appears after all that long journey by road from London. There at least you get away from suburbanization from which even the New Forest is not free. Among the "puddles" at last you find villages as they were; zoning and housing schemes undisfiguring or unknown. You meet sheep and lambs wandering about the roads as tho' they were lanes, and the old thatcher-craftsmen blocking the whole width of the village street in the business of repairing cottage roofs. There are few petrol stations, few tea-rooms, and no children offering daffodils from wayside kiosks. Tolpuddle is old England and gloriously unaware or shrewdly contemptuous of all the fuss and publicity which is surrounding its name. Tolpuddle does not want to be a portent. It wants to be left alone. It is too wise to wish to attract pilgrims. It knows what tourists portend—and leave behind them.

On left—FLOOD-LIT POWER: An impressive impressionistic picture of the Battersea Power Station by night—a sight which stimulates the artistic consciousness of every stroller down the Chelsea Embankment. The station manufactures the power whereby it floodlights itself!

THE QUEEN GOES SHOPPING: Her Majesty patronizes the store a shopping expedition. The Queen is here seen emerging fro *fantaisies* are on sale—watched by a gro

BATH DISCOVERED.—I suppose it is late in the day for a journalist to discover Bath, especially if he has been guilty of writing little guide-books to the beauties of old England. But truth is best, and I frankly confess that on my earlier visits to Bath I never saw a tithe of its beauties. Square after square, terrace after terrace, crescent after crescent, of houses, utterly unchanged, perfectly preserved, no whit spoiled by ugly rebuildings or excrescences, in the noblest fashion of British architecture, their gentle and peaceful histories neatly placarded on their doors. You must go to Bath at once, with *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion* in your pocket; sit in the Pump Room and sip the hot spring water which bubbles and boils out into the great Roman bath, and get back into the mind of Jane Austen (if you can squeeze in; if you can't, get into the mind of the legionaries of old Rome). And so to Laura Place, to Pulteney Bridge, to Milsom Street and the Crescent and Queen's Square. What a day you can make of it! You can see Bath and St. Catherine's Court nearby, and the

glories of Wells and Glastonbury and Cheddar and Wookey's Hole, and be home again for an early dinner.

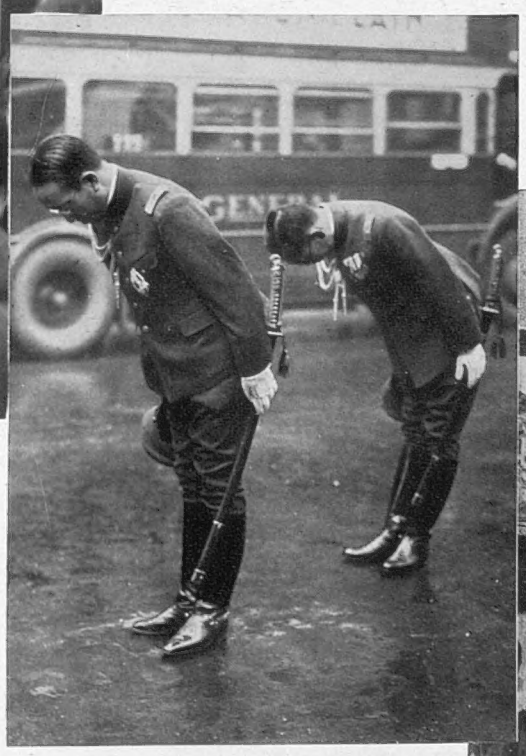
BOURNEMOUTH IS DELIGHTED.—The site of a civil aerodrome to serve Bournemouth and Poole has been found at Mudeford, near Christchurch. The objections of the Christchurch Corporation have been waved aside by the Ministry of Health, and it only remains for the Air Ministry to sign the death warrant. Bournemouth is, of course, delighted, and there is something rather ingenuous about the satisfaction of Bournemouth's mayor set beside the despair of those who love Christchurch. It is one more example of the inexorable workings of the maxim, "One man's meat," in all that pertains to civil flying. Says the mayor of Bournemouth, expressing his keen delight: "The site is more than five miles from the centre of Bournemouth." Says the vicar of Christchurch: "The old Priory Church will become a landmark, and flyers will circle round it." They will, with such a roar as will drown the *misereres*. For Mudeford, that once charming haven, is *not* five miles from Christchurch.

Eton and Windsor and recently went on "The Bunny Shop" where attractive little youthful subjects

It is hard, indeed, on Christchurch, so short a time ago one of the most charming refuges of peace in this island. Who can estimate the devastation which a great joy-city wreaks on its neighbour towns and villages? Those who have followed the coast-line from Lymington to Bournemouth in the last two years may well say that an aerodrome more or less cannot greatly add to the devastation of development. The whole charming coastline has been scarred with a plague of bungalow development, unregulated, unplanned, lacking foresight, and taste, and the smallest effort at sanitation. From derelict railway coaches and shacks to flamboyant, showy, matchwood bungalows, every type of man-made horror has settled upon the natural beauties of the Hampshire coast and blotted them out. The whole area, rendered by man fit only for the blind, may as well be rendered also fit only for the deaf. But I loved Christchurch, and I am sorry for its final betrayal.

"FIVE SILVER DAUGHTERS."—Mr. Golding's *Five Silver Daughters* are well worth two silver shillings apiece, and you can get them for a handsome discount off that price. I am suspicious of much-boosted authors and their books, of yellow-press wrappers and book society bands. But you get your money's worth with Mr. Golding's latest. The man has given you good value for money in all conscience. He covers the world (and the flesh and the devil) in 580 pages, of which exactly 500 retain the continuity of inspiration. He rings the changes with all the art and the horror which Shakespeare employed when he introduced the drunken porter scene between the worst terrors in *Macbeth*. The Jew of the Ghetto is not very refined in his loves and hates, but his dishes of raw meat are seasoned and not artificially minced. It is a terrible book, brilliant as diamonds, cruel as cold steel. It is packed full of dreadful pictures and cruel portraits. But all the cruelties of Soviet Russia in its struggle to maintain the Bolshevik revolution are but kitten-scratches to the cruelty of one single little miniature—the picture of that post-War loungelizard, that petted stallion, Bobby Malswetting *(mon dieu! quel nom!)*. It is a picture which will long remain in my memory, as a condemnation of our age. But *Five Silver Daughters* confirms my belief that 500 pages of continuous inspiration are the utmost limit which the novelist's art can compass.

SIR RICHARD GARTON.—In Sir Richard Garton this country has lost a generous benefactor and a valuable citizen. He was one of those rich men who, acquiring their money by unceasing hard work, recognize constantly the responsibilities of great wealth, and work as hard at the wise distribution of their money as at the businesses by which it accrued to them. He was in particular the most generous benefactor of Haslemere, the district in which he lived at Lythe Hill on the slopes of Blackdown. He disliked publicity,



THE HOMAGE OF THE EAST: Prince Kaga of Japan and his A.D.C. perform Oriental obeisance as they place a wreath on the Cenotaph

and did good with understanding and wise judgment. To the end of his life he went almost daily up to London to attend to his business interests, rising at an hour when many young men are still abed, and returning home after dark. He had a great gift of friendship and a large and devoted circle of friends who delighted in his humour and kindliness, and found their respect for his character constantly increasing. He was a good sportsman, fond of racing, and devoted to shooting and fishing, and his loss will be as keenly felt at Lochbuie as at Haslemere. For wherever he lived, the neighbourhood grew to depend on his sympathy and interest in its welfare. He was besides a noted collector and acquired a unique collection of antique glass, while his gardens at Lythe Hill were famous. But above all, his prime interest was in his fellow man, and his humanity, sympathy, humour, and courage recommended him to men of every class and type, and made him a noble example of good citizenship.

FOR DOMINION STUDENTS.—I had a heartening experience the other day in going over London House, a block of freehold houses overlooking the Foundling site which have been adapted to afford accommodation for students from the Dominions who are completing their education, or otherwise qualifying professionally in London. How vitally important such accommodation is, I know by experience, having myself in youth spent several unhappy months, friendless and inexperienced, in Montreal. To young students newly landed from Australia, Canada, or South Africa (the amenities of London House are as yet not sufficiently well known in South Africa), though London House affords immense benefits. Many such students, totally ignorant of English ways and London customs and charges, land in this country, without the vaguest notion of where to put up, what charges for lodgings and food are reasonable, how or where to employ their leisure, or to whom to apply for advice. It was, I believe, the dream of Mr. F. C. Goodenough to do something to remove this reproach from the capital of the Empire, and he has certainly made his dream come true. Students accepted at London House (Caroline Place, W.C.1, London) can come straight from their ship to a home from home. At the cost of £2 5s. a week, they can secure all, and more than, the comforts of many Oxford colleges: a comfortable bed-sitting-room with modern furniture, dining-hall, common rooms, reading-rooms, bathrooms, squash racquet and tennis courts, in one of the quietest and airiest districts in the heart of London. The charge includes the two principal meals of the day, admirably cooked and served. But the intangible advantages included cannot be assessed in terms of £ s. d. for the fortunate youth consigned to London House finds himself once more living with young men from his own country and from other Dominions, and exchanging views with and gaining experience from English students. He has the benefit of constant intercourse with the controller to whom at any hour of the day he can turn for advice, and of social opportunities ready to his hand. He meets at London House itself intelligent English men and women and, by virtue of his place of residence, he will be invited out to dine by Londoners who are in practice as well as in theory "Imperialists." In a word, he can from the very start make for himself a circle of friends and achieve a civilized and pleasant existence during his residence in England. The thought which most deeply impressed itself on me after going over London House seems to sum up the advantages of this noble organization. It was this: Every Dominion mother with a student son in London would, after an inspection like mine, cast aside every single anxiety for her son's welfare. I am aware that THE SPHERE passes through many hands in the Dominions and Colonies; and I strongly advise intending London students to get in touch with the director at the address given. The organization will grow in ratio to the numbers of students qualified for admission. Its attractions are not yet widely known in the Empire, least of all in South Africa.

GLASGOW CHILDREN'S LITERARY TASTE.—Here is one more reference to children's sound taste in literature:—The fourth Glasgow Book Exhibition held last November promoted a competition for boys and girls of 16 years and under. Twenty-four books by well-known authors were on view and competitors were asked to select their twelve favourite authors and write them down in what they considered to be the order of popularity. The competition was decided by popular ballot. There were 1,108 entries. The first dozen authors in order of voting were: (1) Charles Dickens, 1,044; (2) Sir Walter Scott, 1,039; (3) R. L. Stevenson, 1,028; (4) R. M. Ballantyne, 845; (5) Rudyard Kipling, 838; (6) Sir J. M. Barrie, 812; (7) Lewis Carroll, 705; (8) W. H. G. Kingston, 650; (9) Frank Marryat, 638; (10) Louisa M. Alcott, 583; (11) G. A. Henty, 544; (12) A. A. Milne, 468.

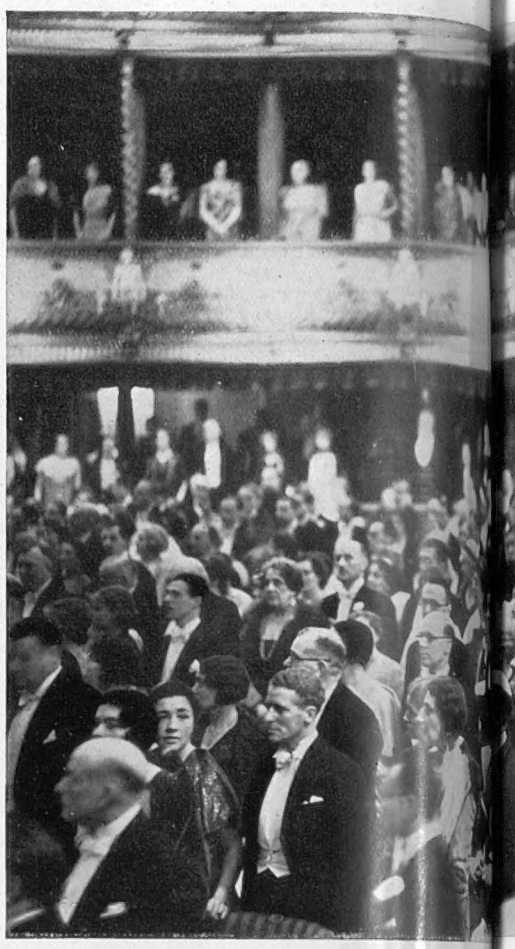
THE OLD STAGER

Special "Sphere" picture

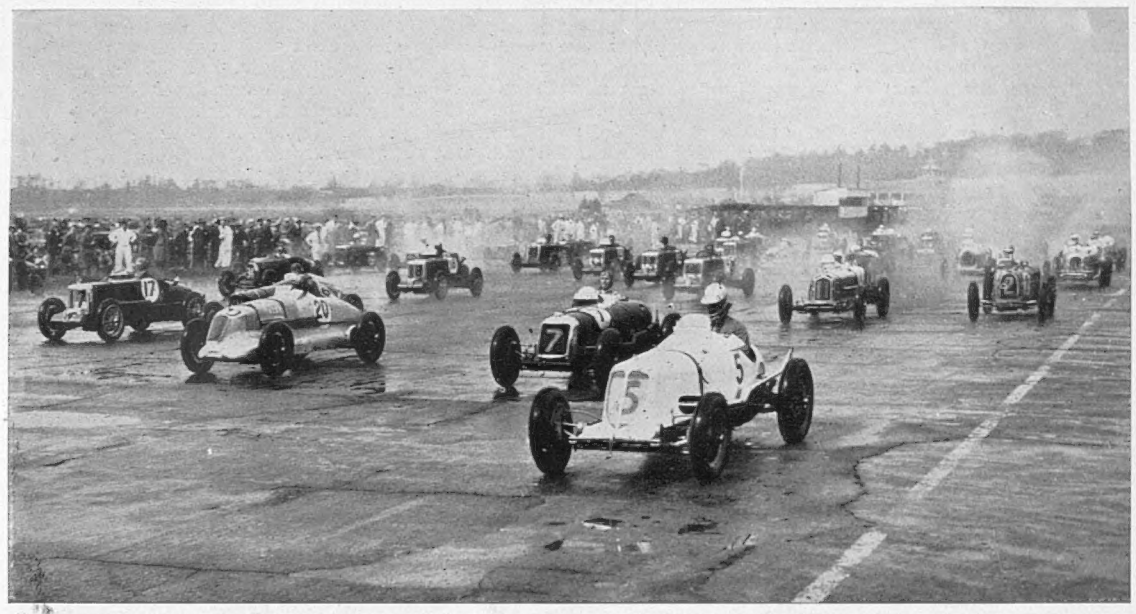
VARNISHING DAY: Sir John Lavery (seated on steps), Sir Herbert Hugh Stanton (with pipe), Mr. Gerald Kelly (with his hand on his knee), and Mr. Henry Rushbury (in hat). The portrait on the right is of Baron George Franckenstein, the Austrian Ambassador

PROCESS

ROYAL GREETINGS to the Portsmouth team, which provided Manchester City with the fight of their lives in the Cup Final at Wembley last Saturday. Despite indifferent weather, the game was full of thrills and good football from beginning to end. "Pompey" lost by 2 goals to 1 after their centre half-back, Allen, had been compelled through injury to leave the field



REPRIMANDED! The season at Covent Garden ope... only opera. Not a seat in the house was vacant. ... inopportune applause, caused Sir Thomas Beecha... up, you!" from the conductor's chair—to the ...



"STRAIGHT" FOR THE WINNING-POST! The start of the great International Trophy race at Brooklands, won by the young American millionaire, Mr. Whitney Straight, in a Maserati (No. 5). In addition to others he defeated Mr. Kaye Don, Sir Malcolm Campbell, and Earl Howe. His average speed was 89·62 m.p.h. over 250 miles

PARADISE LOST—TO AMERICA! The troupe from ... be seen during the summer season at the Dorche... that proved so popular on the other side. They are ...

TRAGEDY AT THE PIT-HEAD: Wives, relatives, and friends waiting at the pit-head after the disastrous explosion of a gas-pocket at a Leigh (Lancashire) colliery, in which at least five lives were lost

"TEACHING" PARLIAMENT ECONOMY: A deputation ... the restoration of only half of a 10 per cent. cut impo...

ONAL

illiantly with *Fidelio*—Beethoven's hatter of late arrivals and, later, hout "Stop talking," and "Shut ay of the entire House

aradise Club, New York, who will here they are presenting the show bove on board the *Mauretania*

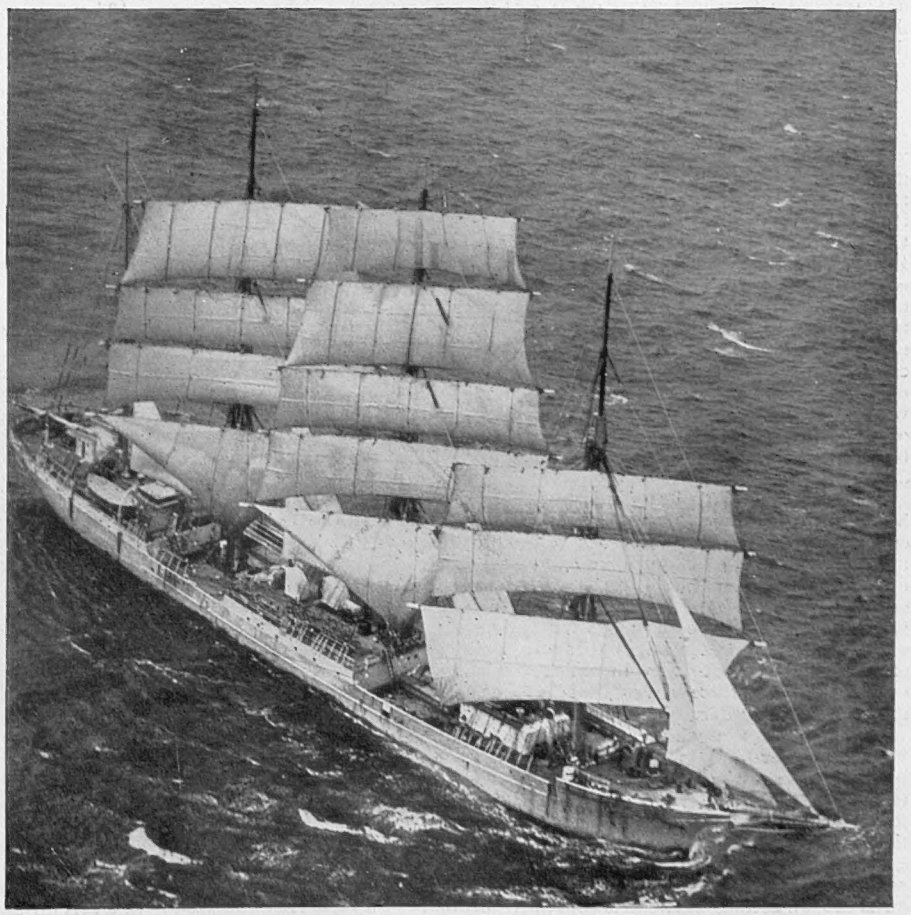
hool teachers, dissatisfied with 1931, protest at St. Stephen's

MINISTER FOR COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY: Dr. Joji Matsumoto, who succeeds Baron Nakajima in this vital post in Tokyo—perhaps the most vital in the Cabinet at this time of intensive tariff argument and commercial war by Japan against the world

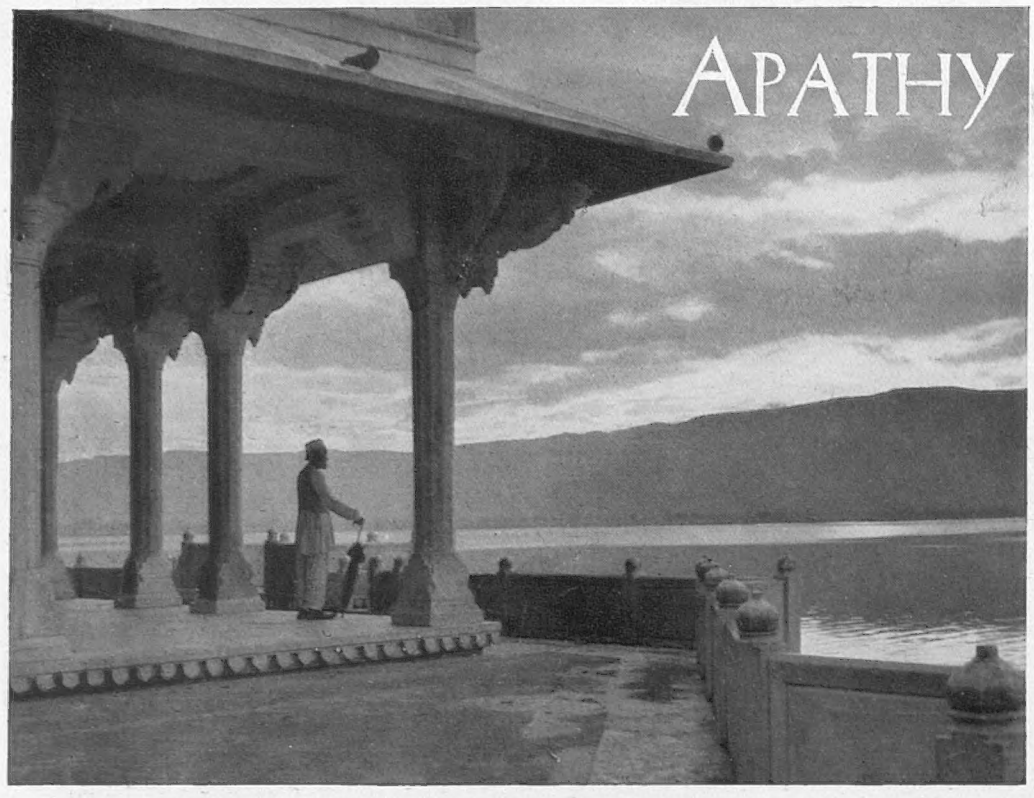
LORD NUFFIELD TAKES HIS SEAT: *Ci-devant* Sir W. Morris at the House

IMPERIAL TROOPS OF A REPUBLIC: Senegalese soldiers participating in the great military revue held in Paris last Sunday. The line is seen above in process of dressing by the right

MONUMENT TO MONTAIGNE: The statue, inaugurated by M. Fiquet, President of the Municipal Council of Paris, presented by Dr. Armaingaud, erected in the gardens of the Sorbonne to Michel Eyquem de Montaigne, the charming sceptic, philosopher, and writer of sixteenth-century France whose motto was *Que Sçais-je?*



"WHITE SAILS SET ABOVE THE CURLING FOAM": The Swedish four-master, *Abraham Rydberg*, first home in the 5,000-mile windjammer race from Willaroo to Falmouth



APATHY FALLS on INDIA —AND on BRITAIN

The Latest Phase of a Burning Question

Peace Comes to India—but it is not the peace of happiness and content but the peace of weariness, resignation—and exhaustion

THE article appearing on this page is instinct with a significance even beyond its verbal content. Its author is a well-known writer on India who, on many occasions in the last six years, has dipped his pen in gall to scathe the concessionalism and conciliation of modern British policy towards India. In view of the recent "bombshell" exploded in the House of Commons, this writer was given a free hand in the commission for this article. In it he speaks of the apathy that has fallen on Briton and Indian, Imperialist and Swarajist alike. It is perhaps more sinister to imperial sympathies to note that this acquiescent resignation has fallen even upon the writer himself. No bow, not constantly in use, can be maintained at full draught for ever without a slackening of the string; and, with regard to India, the universal bow is ubiquitously slack at this moment

WE ENGLISH are a people of notoriously short memory. So that it seems but yesterday since we were in the habit of seeing in the streets of London turbans rising above brown faces set and pensive, or gathered in converging groups as argument and discussion waxed and waned.

Round Table Conferences in succession kept us busy guessing, and divided us very sharply into two camps hurling short words at one another—those who "knew" and would have no truck with Indian revolt, and those who "felt" and were unnecessarily highbrow in the feeling.

And what, in the name of all that is wonderful, has happened to it all? The thing would appear to have vanished. These native "rebels" seem to have retreated underground—their existence barely recalled to us by the nebulous existence, somewhere behind the screen, of a Parliamentary Commission on a thing which men call the White Paper, and about which nobody seems to know very much—or care. Of India itself we hardly hear. Gandhi, with his acrobatics, has disappeared. Rioting in Bombay seems to have ceased, and nobody hears of salt, of fasts, of untouchables. "Brahmin?—bunniah? Oh, yes; I remember now . . ." and a careless vagueness.

No; the thing is not the quiet before the storm; a tense and precarious truce while earth-shaking decisions are *sub judice*, and therefore not to be discussed. The fact is, both in India and in England, *men have ceased to bother*.

In India itself, as we servants of India know, vivid antagonisms have acquired a certain accommodation; a kind of equilibrium. On the part of the white man, a form of semi-helpless tolerance is gaining ground; and, in the process, the initiative is passing to the native, who, now that he has got it, has no very great use for it. In high places, the rebound from the inglorious surrenders of the Irwin régime has shown vigour of a kind, but none of that over-emphasis which one might have expected from indignation. The indignation, in fact, is not there. In the public Services, men will still tell you that two equal and mutually hostile camps face each other — those who have gone over to the new method of thought, and those who still shake their heads and mutter darkly of thirty pieces of silver. But the dividing line between the two grows ever less marked as the days pass.

Of the white man's Press in India, that old-time home of die-hard-ism, one famous daily with a century of history behind it has refused to lower its colours, and, going down in one last blaze of fireworks, has ceased publication. The remainder, compelled to follow the swing-over of a mounting prosperity, caters more and more for native tastes, sends leading representatives to sit in Delhi and study the native politician in action, and fills its columns with politics never heard of, except as scare headlines, a decade ago.

Throughout the white commercial element, a kind of laisser-faire is universal: "Oh, let the blighters have a whack at it, if they think they can rule themselves. They'll soon find out their mistake!" Or, again, "*I* don't care. It'll last my time, I suppose."

The white man in India has, in fact, ceased to care. Only the soldiers and police carry straight on as though nothing particularly out of the ordinary were going on around them. Loyally immersed in their job, whatever they may think they keep to themselves; the last two rocks, rising ever more conspicuously above the receding tide of white man's rule the more it ebbs.

TEN YEARS ago, white indignation, from highest to lowest, was active and vocal. Against it stood native hostility bordering on open insurrection. To-day, the pendulum swings in an ever-lessening arc; and by just so much as white opposition has become apathy, by that much has native rebellion eased to a steady non-violent pressure. To the East, the sight of the white man "on the run" was and ever will be a stimulant and a "whoop-halloa!" In the days of Lord Irwin, the white man, with Gandhi, the Nehrus, Das, and the whole bunniah-Brahmin tribe hot on his heels, was to all appearances fleeing in convulsive bounds like a startled deer. To-day, the run has slowed to a steady jog-trot; and the pursuit, while as persistent as ever, lacks fire.

Gandhi is at the moment a stick kept in the corner. Of the remaining insurrectionaries we hardly hear. The native princes, no longer faced with red revolution around their borders, are growing as apathetic as are the English. Congress, which was loud in its determination to have no part in the new councils or in any form of compromise, now decides to co-operate, and to work better mischief from within the new structure than would have been possible by the now *démodé* violence from without. But even that amount of will to mischief seems to slacken.

The two opposite poles grow together. But, smother it in whatever face-saving casuistry we may, abdication is there; it has come to stay; the white men who engineered the surrender from on high, and those below who acquiesced in it, know that nothing can reverse it. The native knows it, and is well content. There is a universal acceptance of a *chose jugée*; and, for better or worse, nobody for an instant dreams that the outcome of the Joint Select Committee's ponderings will be other than a recommendation for an immediate give-away of our whole position in India, for the open acknowledgment and regularization of an abdication which is already in being.

And if the white man in India itself has accepted, by default, a fait accompli, are we to imagine that the British voter, notoriously difficult to rouse on any Indian question, is going to be less tractable?

Truth is, the psychological key to the native's subsidence is that he is incapable of sustained action at a high pitch. There seems little doubt that the struggle of the last fifteen years, though it has given him victory of a sort all along the line, has left him not a little breathless. Now that there is no longer a wildly fleeing Viceroy to chase, he is well content that the hunt should die down. The reaction has set in; and he tends more and more with every passing month to settle back into that *piano* sub-existence natural to his mind and body.

Not only is he tired of his recent energizing, but, like any other spoilt child, having clamoured for a toy long refused, now that he has got it he finds that he doesn't really want it. What he really wanted was to cancel out that weight of inferiority-complex which, since 1857, has oppressed his self-esteem. In fifteen years he has proved that he can turn the white man from leader and master to a rather bewildered follower. The toy is not only valueless, but may be a definitely uncomfortable thing; one which, if gained, will keep him busy and anxious; a machine, in fact, which threatens to compel him to a high level of sustained and constructive action which, for all the material fruits of office which it may bring in its train, is foreign to his essentially lazy and non-constructive make-up. It is essentially in this, and not in any lack of training, of tradition, of mental ability to grasp its elements, that lies the unfitness of the Indian for the systems of democratic parliamentary government.

Now, if this simple fact were grasped by our friends at Westminster, that the Indian native, having made his point and saved his "face," for the rest simply *doesn't care*, what a wealth of worry it would save everybody! By a well-considered policy of "mañana," the whole thing might well be shelved, and allowed to drop. Instead of which, partly in a well-intentioned determination to carry out promises, partly through a misplaced idealism, the Westminster politicians present us with a picture of Parliament taking the initiative in formulating surrender, and the native, with an increasing feeling of boredom with the whole thing, dragging along in rear.

GOVERNMENT IN INDIA has settled down, peacefully and happily, into a middle course—deference to the native politician, combined with a steady maintenance of the public peace. The terrorist movement, a vivid danger to white man and native alike, is in process of being scotched. The Communist-labour tendency has been realized to be even more of a danger to the bunniahs and the native cotton interests of those two centres of disaffection, Bombay and Ahmedabad, than to the white man. Rioting is over. Cawnpore a hushed-up memory. The stranglehold of Lancashire which, of all things, most offended his sense of self-sufficiency, has been broken. Peace, in fact, or rather that to the native all-desirable absence of the necessity for action, is steadily descending on the land; and, if we would only realize it, we have reached a point where both sides find it politically wiser to let sleeping dogs lie.

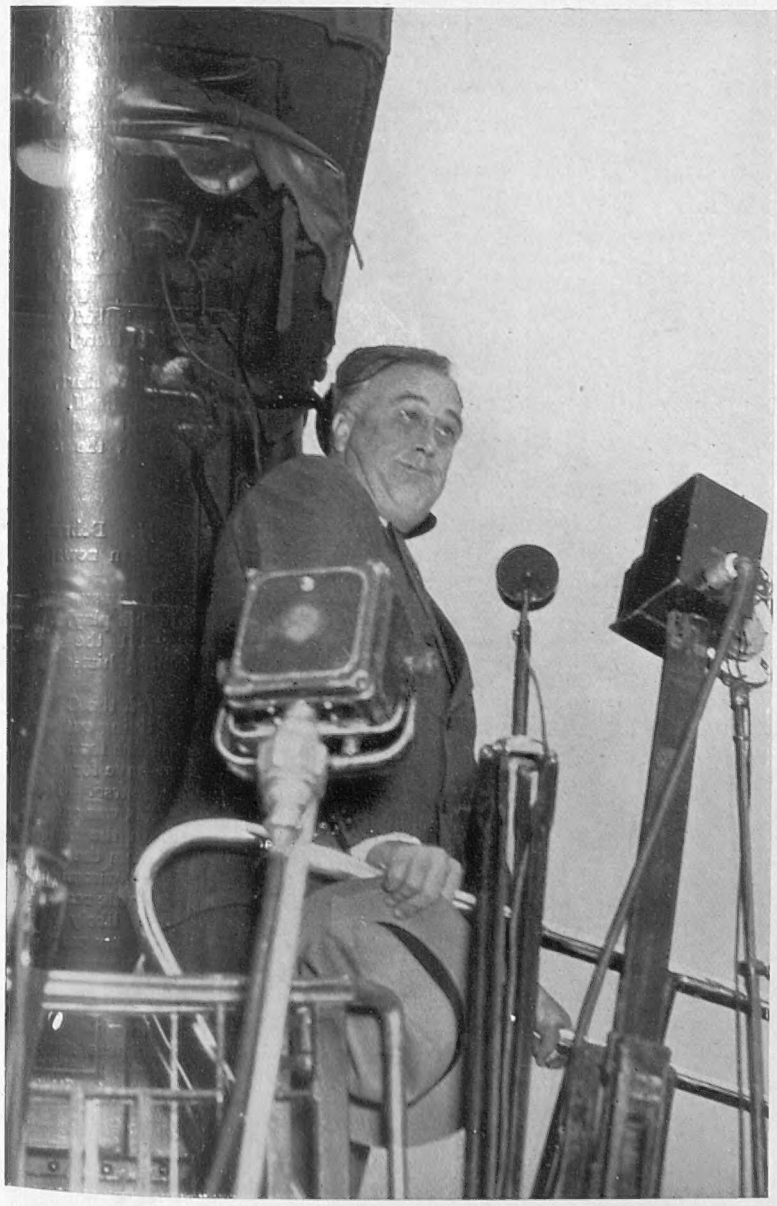
Danger from without, as things are, there is none. The Russian menace is to-day once more what it always in practice was—a chimera. Afghanistan, with our power at any moment to lay Kabul in dust-swept ruins by an afternoon's bombing, will never raise its head again. The frontier tribes have been penetrated by road and rail, and what little our garrisons in the heart of tribal country have left undone is slowly but surely being accomplished by the newly-accessible resources and prosperity of a modernized civilization.

India, inconceivably wealthy, has hardly been conscious of a slump into penury which has affected the whole world beyond its borders. It needs only peace and to be left undisturbed. Gladly will it allow the pendulum of faction and privilege to swing gently to a standstill. With self-esteem at last re-established, and 1857 back into its proper place as an incident in history, we sincerely believe that not a native, high or low, but would be thankful to acquiesce in the state of affairs as it is.

"Mauser"

ITALY HAS FINISHED WITH PARLIAMENTS

THE LAST PARLIAMENT OF ITALY: King Victor Emmanuel inaugurated last Saturday the last of the Italian Parliaments. Legislative powers henceforth are to be vested in the Fascist Grand Council which, it is said, will afford even greater opportunities for democratic control than parliamentary government. When Signor Mussolini led the deputies in swearing allegiance to the King, the phrase "and to his successors" was omitted. Il Duce is seen standing reading his speech; the King in the centre on the dais; the Queen and the princesses in the gallery above

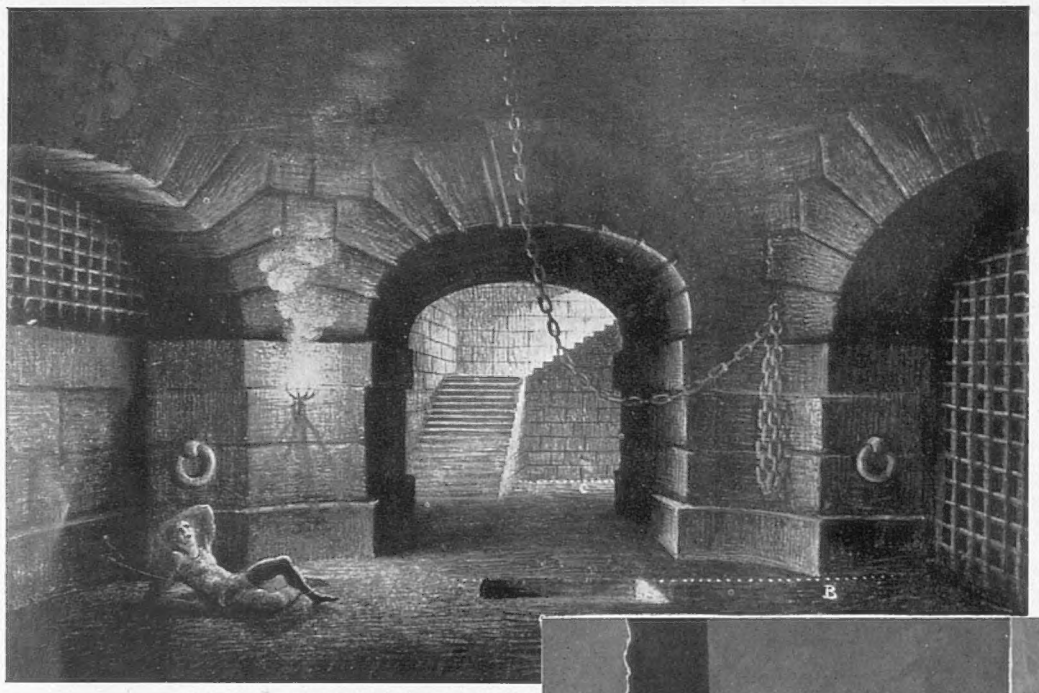


"I AM A TOUGH GUY": So, in the idiom of gangland (or the talkies), spoke Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, in an impromptu oration from the platform of his train in Washington on his return from a fishing cruise—in waters less troubled than those at home! The methods of gangland as well as its idiom are visible in the campaign against Dillinger

ANSCHLUSS IN ART: Two hundred Hungarian singers and dancers in the Berliner Lustgarten. The troupe is to give an all-star tour throughout the Reich—a movement regarded by the discerning as the first stepping-stone to an ultimate political union

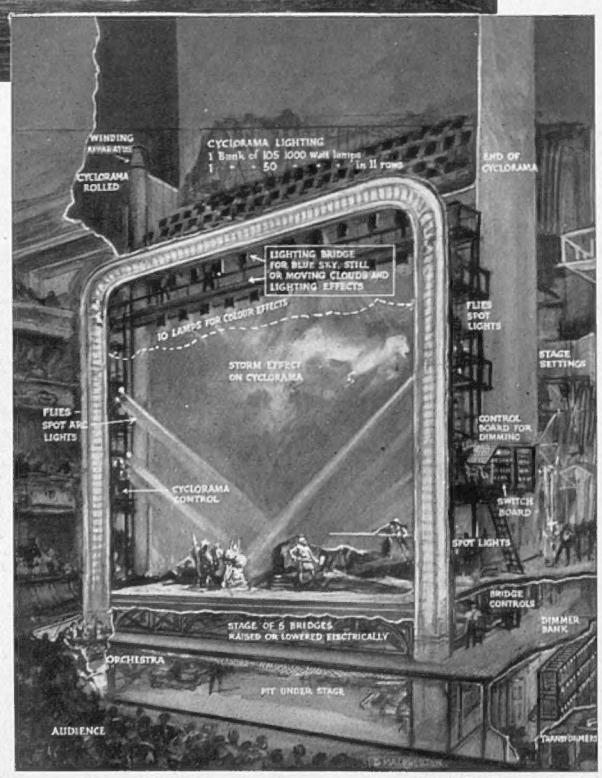
MAKE-UP: Fräulein Frieda Leider in her dressing-room in the costume of Brynhilde, her part in *Walkure* on Wednesday night—the second of the *Ring* cycle

WOTAN: Herr Rudolf Bockelmann, one of the greatest artists, even in this year's all-star company. The second night of the season was less tense but even more inspired than the first



THE DUNGEON: Rex Whistler's new décor for *Fidelio*. The massive doorway on the right of the prison scene gives promise of great things to come from this artist

THE OPENING NIGHT: A special "Sphere" picture of *Fidelio* showing Herr Kipnis as Rocco, Mme Lotte Lehmann in the lead, and Mme Erna Berger as Marcellina



Drawn by D. Macpherson

THE "WORKS": A special drawing showing the huge banks of lights operating on the new cyclorama

THE PRESENT OPERA SEASON at Covent Garden, auspiciously launched with shouts of praise from enthusiasts and a shout of indignation from Sir Thomas Beecham, differs from its predecessors in other respects than new paint and improved arrangements generally, both on and off the stage.

OPERA and the DRAMA

by PHILIP PAGE

It is the first season for many years which has not been spoken of as probably the last. To wander about the fine theatre in the intervals without meeting doleful sentimentalists who sigh that in a few months' time the old place is to be torn down, is a novelty, and a pleasant one.

Concerning the other novelty, the starting of the season with *Fidelio*, I am less enthusiastic. It is impossible even to hint that this opera is dull without drawing the abuse of the ardent Beethovenites. The legitimate reply is that Beethoven is a mighty composer, but that opera was not his province. It is a pity that he did not recognize that. An opera is not a *sine qua non* of a great musician; we do not think any the less of Elgar for not having written one.

Perhaps the most eminent of our Beethoven-lovers has called *Fidelio*, in connection with this year's production, "an imperfect masterpiece." I do not quite see how anything that is imperfect can be a masterpiece; but it is not a bad way out of the difficulty, and we may well leave it at that. Beethoven was certainly too big a man to write any score that had not at any rate some moments of surpassing beauty.

The new Covent Garden Directorate are to be congratulated, if not on choosing an opera which is such debatable ground, on deciding to do it well. Mr. Rex Whistler's new scenery is excellent, no modern comicalities having been attempted. *Fidelio* does not give a scenic artist great scope, for one cannot do much with an opera a large part of which takes place in a dungeon and in the gaoler's private sitting-room; Mr. Whistler has shown, however, what he is likely to do in more favourable circumstances.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM is in rare form this season, in spite of the fact that he has been working at high pressure for months with his London Philharmonic Orchestra concerts. I can sympathize with his shout of "Stop talking" on the opening night—that incident is likely to pass into operatic history—without being called upon to condemn over much those at whom he shouted.

The patrons of the stalls at Covent Garden are neither an unmannerly nor an unmusical crew; the theory that people who attend opera in the expensive seats do so merely for fashionable reasons dies hard, but it is bunkum, and always was bunkum. But on this occasion their desire to arrive in time was baulked by building obstructions in the streets leading to the theatre. A certain amount of whispering and fidgeting during the overture is, under such conditions, unavoidable.

To return to the performance. The orchestral playing was immaculate, and Sir Thomas throughout infused a spirit into everything, which proved that jagged nerves, so far from interfering with his musical interpretations, possibly enhance their value.

Mme Lotte Lehmann was singing Leonora for the first time at Covent Garden, and she sang it gloriously. With her was the Russian bass, Herr Kipnis, as Rocco—he was a fine Baron Ochs in *Rosenkavalier* last year—and Herr Janssen, a mighty man in the *Ring*. The rest were newcomers but good ones, particularly Mme Berger as Marcellina, though I thought Herr Jerger's voice on the rough side.

Altogether, a more than promising start, and for the Beethoven-lovers Paradise itself. Mr. Geoffrey Toye and his associates will lead others of us into more delectable fields as the season progresses.

"Biography."—Mr. S. N. Behrmann, author of *Biography*, is an American newspaper man himself.

That fact puts right out of court any suggestion of improbability about the story of his play, which Mr. Noel Coward has launched at the Globe Theatre, at the same time launching himself as a London manager.

For Mr. Noel Coward has now left the Cochran poultry-run and is scratching for a living outside it, though that is hardly the right phrase for a young man to whom wealth and success have for so long seemed to come as a matter of course. If Mr. Cochran, in the stalls at the *première*, was suffering the anxiety traditionally assigned to the hen who has hatched out a duckling and, from the edge of the pond, watches its first attempt at swimming, he did not show it. Indeed, there was little reason for anyone to be anxious, for the play is likely to be a success, and certain reservations on my part as to its merits will affect only my own biography and not that of anyone else.

To return to that question of probability. Would any woman, least of all a pleasant, amiable woman, refuse to omit from some reminiscences she had been asked to write for a sensational magazine certain passages referring to a man who had been her lover? He is a decent man. They are not enemies, indeed, she is still very fond of him. He is desperately anxious for his private affairs to remain private, as he has political ambitions. He begs the woman to leave him out of her precious biography. Is there anywhere in the world where, in such circumstances, a woman would not have agreed instantly, as a matter of course?

(Continued on p. 188)

Long Voyages in SMALL BOATS

FROM HAMPSHIRE TO AUSTRALIA: Messrs. Irving, Robinson, and Marshall, who took the fishing smack, *Olive*, from the South Coast of England across the world—true heritors of the spirit of Drake

A FAMILY AFFAIR: Captain Guzzwell, Mrs. Guzzwell, and a youthful Guzzwell, accompanied by Mr. Norton, sailed to the Cape on the 12-ton ketch, *Our Boy*. In the course of their journey they went through seven tornadoes! Quite a number of people have taken up long cruises on small boats

A VOYAGE OF FIFTY-FOUR DAYS: The 7-ton sloop, *Ochito*, on which Mr. Edward Crowley, a New York architect, and his young bride recently sailed from the U.S.A. to Gibraltar, via Bermuda and the Azores

HONEYMOON ADVENTURE: Mr. and Mrs. Edward Crowley who sailed from New York to Gibraltar on their honeymoon

On right—ADVENTURE IN THE PACIFIC: The "crew" of the schooner *Valkyrie*—54 ft. over all—from Auckland, N.Z., after their 126-day voyage from Papeete to Honolulu. During it they lost their main topmast, ran short of food and water, and had a thrilling encounter with sharks. The "crew" consisted of Mr. Pearl Roberts, a U.S. war veteran, cook, Mrs. Gilling; Captain E. Gilling, who built the boat and was the commander of an Australian troop transport during the War; Mr. Rolf Hansen, and a Canadian not seen here. He was rushed to hospital on arrival

THE CORPORATE STATE

Organization, the Soul of Fascismo

By ROY ELSTON

The Soul of the Corporate State: Mussolini, symbol of modern Italy. Il Duce is here seen distributing one of the 2,000 pension certificates for the aged, given away on the anniversary of the Foundation of the City

IN ROME, at the corner of the Via del Tritone and the Corso, a dapper little policeman. He holds me up as I try to walk along the right-hand pavement to the Caffè Aragno, twenty yards up the Corso.

I must keep to the left, walk to the next street-crossing, wait until the red light suspended above the crossing turns green, and then step smartly to the other side, turning back to the caffè entrance.

Organization. It makes you walk a hundred yards where twenty would do. No matter. There is a larger meaning behind it; the meaning of Italian Fascism, the meaning of the Corporate State, the meaning of that broad-jawed gentleman who sits like a Colossus in the Palazzo Venezia, up there in the sunshine, by the fora of the Cæsars.

Jeftitsj, the Foreign Minister of Jugoslavia, in a conversation with the American journalist, H. R. Knickerbocker, said that Fascism is in the first place a movement for the organization of the State; its nationalism is secondary: that is the difference between Fascism and National-Socialism, the latter being first, and all along the line, fiercely nationalist. The Serbian Minister's remark is just. Emphatically, organization is the guiding principle of the Fascist experiment: the Corporate State is the State organized on a clear economic and cultural basis.

It is annoying when organization makes you walk a hundred yards where twenty will do. It is gratifying, at least nationally, when organization doubles the nation's corn production; or improves the health of the people by 50 per cent.; or gives to the race security of livelihood. I see the Corporate State of Italy as an annoyance individually, a blessing nationally.

ANYWAY, I HAVE crossed the street and got into the Caffè Aragno. It is an old-fashioned place with its pillars and mirrors and plush-covered wall-seats: and almost as much smoke and as many fantastic beards as there used to be in the old days, when governments were made and unmade, plots hatched, plots scotched, in the little room on the left.

"The politics of the Caffè Aragno," Mussolini has said in derision.

Now it is just coffee and vermouth, and the reading of innumerable newspapers, talks about art, innocent comments on the visit of some foreign emissary, conversation guarded and therefore dull.

"IF YOU HAVE anything to say, say it through the proper channel." The proper channel is the Syndicate, to one or more of which every citizen may belong. I discussed this question with Mr. Harold Goad, the well-known principal of the British Institute at Florence, who has written a remarkably concise and informative little book about the Corporate State: *The Working of a Corporate State*, by Harold E. Goad and Muriel Currey (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 2s. net).

"Every man," said Mr. Goad, "is to express his will and opinions through the effective organs which are provided for the purpose, namely, the syndicates. The objection to street-corner haranguing and irresponsible newspaper writing is that they are futile, a mere waste of time, and producers of chaos."

Organization. The organization of individual opinion. It must be difficult to avoid disorganized moments, when opinions may slip out to one's cost: the kind of opinion that used to make the Caffè Aragno so amusing.

"Is criticism permitted within the Corporate State?" I asked my authority.

"Constructive criticism is welcomed."

"Who is to judge whether the criticism be destructive or constructive?"

"The Syndicate, consisting of any man's peers, is the first judge as to whether his criticism is constructive or destructive, and it is the duty and proper function of the directorate and officers of the Syndicate to report any useful opinions and ideas. They go up to a higher body — federation or confederation — and either gather support or peter out among representative opinions of other syndicates."

Mascot of the 29th Alpine Legion on duty at the Sacrario dei Martiri

"If they are widely supported, nothing can prevent their becoming law, but they naturally move in a sectional or vocational way, and are considered in relation to the special interests and information of the Group. There can be no 'opposition'; either the suggestions are supported and become effective, or they are not."

THE CORPORATE STATE begins, you will observe, with the syndicate. All the forces of Italian production are organized into syndicates, which are, so to speak, trade-unions without political ends. They are recognized officially, and, in fact, through their superior bodies, which they themselves elect, take active and direct part in the government of the country. But each of these bodies, from the syndicate to the ultimate National Confederation, is elected on the basis of its knowledge of a particular branch of production, the interests of which must be considered first from the category point of view, then from the group point of view, and finally from the national point of view.

There are thirteen confederations, covering the whole field of national production: agriculture, industry, commerce, land transport, sea and air transport, each with two confederations—one of employers and one of labour. The thirteenth confederation is of professional men. Representatives of these thirteen form the National Council of Confederations, virtually the legislative body. Anyone who cares to study the system, from the syndicate to the national council, must admit that it is, at least in theory, as truly democratic as any political system under the sun.

UNDER THE SUN; how this Italian sun beats down! The new, white buildings surrounding the new, broad piazza are sheeted in sunlight.

It used to be a morass. Now it is a gleaming city, raised out of the wilderness in a few hectic years. Some fifteen thousand workmen and their wives and their uniformed children crammed into the dusty piazza. On the balcony of the new *municipio* Mussolini appears. A roar, a shriek goes up; a writhing mass of sweating men and women can hardly control its enthusiasm for the man on the balcony, who stands with lifted hand as if bestowing a blessing. It is easier, of course, to roar your enthusiasm for a personality than for a system; but there is little doubt, I believe, that when the Italian workman roars for Mussolini he roars also for the Corporate State, which is one of the few political systems to have fulfilled its promises to his class.

A living wage. Discipline that strikes equally at the employed and the employer. A premium on efficiency. Reasonable and fully-paid holidays. Compensation, according to the length of service, on being thrown out of work; or to his family in the event of death. The most far-reaching maternity and child-welfare measures in Europe; officially-supported "after-work" organizations throughout the whole country; and yet an utter lack of institutionalism.

CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, if there is discontent it is more obviously among the employers than the workers. Employers are not always keen to have their interests considered nationally. Besides, the insistence in the Corporate State upon the working-man's duty, as well as his rights, has its counterpart in the insistence on efficiency among employers. There are many who do not like this insistence upon efficiency. Some of the old landed aristocracy for example.

"It is hard on us. The land is not our own any more. We are told that we are merely the stewards of the State, and if we don't give a satisfactory account of our stewardship, and somehow cram a few more grains of wheat into every ear of corn, they'll come and take the land from us." Perhaps it is not very nice for the more conservative landowners; but for Italy the result has been remarkable. From 1924 to 1932 the yield of wheat in Italy increased by nearly 40 per cent., without any appreciable increase in the area under cultivation. In 1933 the harvest of corn exceeded the total wants of the country; that is a tremendous achievement.

(Continued on p. 194)

The Blessing of Holy Mother Church: Monsignor Bartolomasi blessing the new banner for the Italian Alpine Association when 30,000 of the mountain troops mustered in Rome

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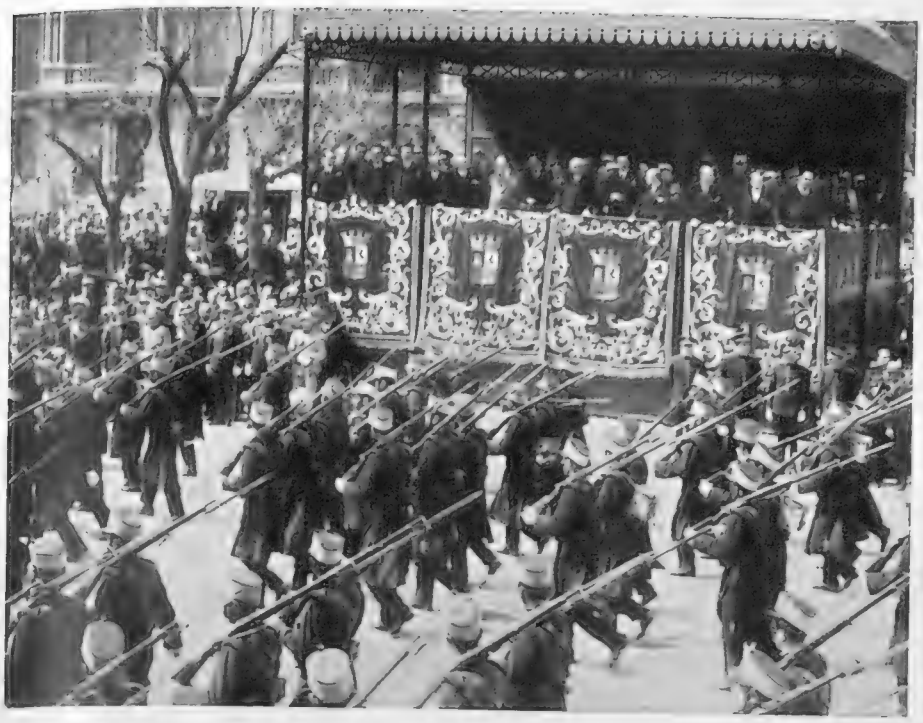

SPAIN: The third birthday of the Republic gave scope to the love of picturesque processionalism inherent in the Latin character. *On left*—The march past of the troops; *on right*—Mallorcan representatives in a festival of regional dances and songs. As we go to press Spain is once again in the throes of crisis. The President signed the Amnesty Act and General Sanjurgo is at liberty—but the Cabinet has resigned. At the dissolution "vivas" for the King, the Republic—and the Commune—were all given

SPAIN: The Church of Notre Dame de l'Assomption was set on fire with petrol and gutted — typical of a number of acts of vandalism committed by the virulent anti-clericals infesting the public life of *ci-devant* devout Spain. Atheism and revolution have ever gone hand in hand

ITALY: Marble maps in bas-relief inaugurated by Mussolini representing the four stages of the Roman Empire. They are built into the wall of the Basilica Massenzio. The whiter stone shows the areas controlled by old Rome

RUMANIA: Two young students of Bucharest, Pierre Dimesco and Jean Rascano, arrested in connection with the murder of Deputy Eusibiu Popovici on the eve of his departure for Paris. Dimesco is son of a Councillor of the Court of Appeal, and Rascano, son of a University professor. They are seen on right re-enacting the crime of which they stand accused

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A ONE-TIME STRONGHOLD OF FRANCE—IN MOROCCO: The Kasbah of Khenifra. It was the key position to the French dependency during the War. Taking advantage of the fact that France was striving against Germany, a Holy War (Jedda) was declared and spread like wildfire through the land. The Kasbah, garrisoned by the French, held out magnificently, but one day the besieged made a sortie against the enemy, ten miles distant. The sallying troop, 800 strong, was to all intents and purposes annihilated by the Zaian tribe. A punitive column avenged the defeat, but the French troops stayed within the ancient Moorish walls—they form one of the most exotic castles in the country—until the Great War was over

WHEN THE FRENCH had conquered the whole of Algeria they found themselves faced to the westwards with difficulties similar to those we have encountered on the north-west frontier of India.

Tribes of plunderers swooped across the border from Morocco, pillaging and destroying the villages of their "pacified" brethren. In defence of their newly-acquired territories, the French "extended their zone of influence." In other words, armed forces pushed farther westwards, compelling the annoying tribes to submission.

But just as a python is forced to swallow what it once bites, so the French were led to absorb the whole area. Further forces converged southwards from the Mediterranean seaboard, and eastwards from the Atlantic coast. The Sahara guarded the southern boundary.

So, in course of time, there remained one big patch of unconquered territory surrounded by "pacified" areas: the Atlas range and the country to the south of it.

It proved a tough nut in the cracking.

THE RETROGRADE CHARACTER of that region, at the very gates of Europe, is simply astounding. We need not delve into books nor appeal to the imagination of film-producers for a portrayal of life in the Middle Ages; we can experience it ourselves thirty-six hours' flight from Paris.

In the remote fastnesses of the Atlas range, perched on lofty crags overlooking vast stretches of chaotic country, stand formidable fortresses, the homes of mighty warriors. Mean, tumble-down, flat-roofed houses cluster round like chicks under the protective wing of a hen. Plots of cultivated soil wrested from the rock plaster the precipitous valleys around.

Wild-eyed Berbers, readier with the sword than the plough, scan all approaches for the sight of an enemy. They distrust all but their own kin. They own allegiance to none but their overlord.

JUDGMENT: French officers of the columns "extending the zone of influence" administer the law of France in the land of Morocco

HOWEVER WELL PREPARED one may be for the sight of those ancient feudal castles of the Atlas, the impression the first one makes on one's mind is unforgettable.

Starting from the city of Marrakech (whose name, corrupted by European lips to "Morocco," has been bestowed on the whole country) at the foot of the mighty range of mountains, I ventured into the legendary Barbary.

The roads gave way to bridle-paths worn in the plains and along hillsides by the endless droves of camels and horses, mules and donkeys, cattle, goats, and sheep, throughout countless ages. From time to time we crossed the beds of rivers, half dry at that time of the year but swollen into raging torrents after rain or the melting of the Atlas snows.

We encountered few people; sometimes some country folk on their way to market with a few lean donkeys laden with crates of fowls and eggs. To my "Salaam aleikum!" they responded somewhat sulkily, "To those to whom Allah hath given peace."

There were few houses in these regions burnt brown by the sun. The villages of those whom we encountered were generally built away from the well-trodden paths, from the desire of their dwellers not to pay tribute to marauders or privileged travellers, in fastnesses easy to defend. Occasionally we skirted little Berber hamlets circled by fences of prickly pear.

At the end of the day's march we generally reached some ancient township, half deserted, laid out on the usual plan in three sections: the *Kasbah* or *K'sar*, i.e. fortress or castle—usually a long, rambling structure of whitewashed stone with spreadeagled ramifications, in which resided the powerful Kaid and his retainers; the Medinah, or town proper, composed mainly of ruinous one-storey houses; and the Mullah, or Jewish quarter, abominably filthy and malodorous.

I generally felt unwelcome; muttered curses would follow me as I passed tawny upright fellows nursing old-pattern rifles in the crooks of their arms. Children fled affrighted indoors. Eyes peeped from the gloomy interiors of the dwellings.

A WALLED CITY OF THE SAHARA: Risani, one of the last strongholds to withstand the French pacification. It was only after the European troops had cut off the water supply and indulged in bombing from the air that the fortress capitulated. Risani—to reach which special permission had to be obtained—held out until 1933

IT WAS AT TELUET that I saw my first castle.

We rounded a hill of basalt. Suddenly, on turning the end of the ridge, we found ourselves confronted with a magnificent and imposing castle in the old baronial style.

I could hardly believe my eyes as I scanned the turreted walls, the crenelated battlements, the fortified gateways and outlines, which rose before us with a princely air of military strength and glory, in keeping with the stern grandeur of feudal times.

A number of armed men came out to meet us and we were peremptorily invited to "walk in." We went through a series of courtyards the walls of which formed outer lines of defence, and reached at length a stone-built barbican. Passing under its massive portal we entered the citadel proper. I noted the massiveness of the buttress-strengthened solid stone walls of the

IN THE MIDDLE ATLAS: Kasbah T... were maintained to keep the co... repairs

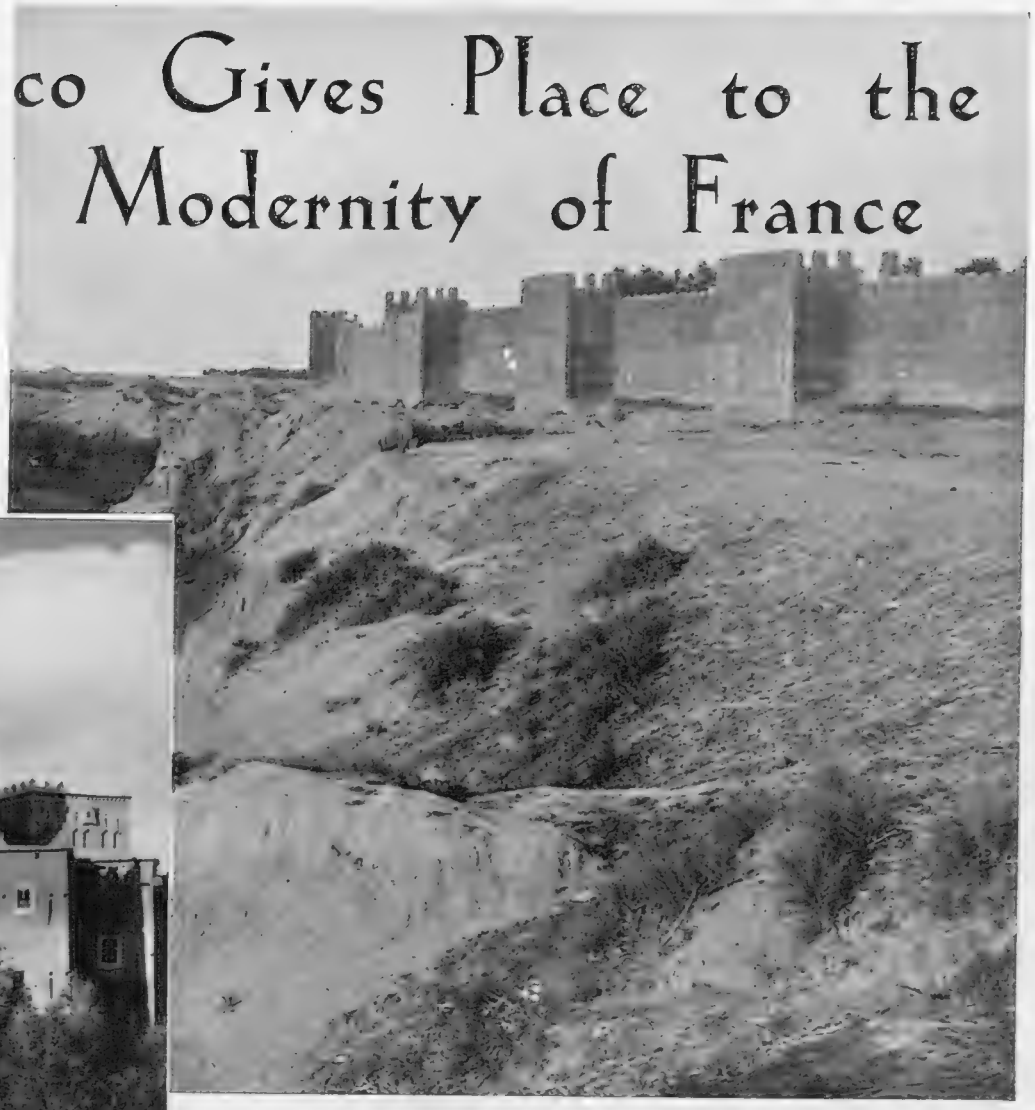
dieval in Morocco Gives Place to the Modernity of France

Stronghold of Barbary in the Atlas to the Ever-increasing Pressure of French tion that is Welding North-West Africa a Civilization but an Empire

LPH McINERNY

HE LARGEST SINGLE EDIFICE IN AFRICA, with the exception of the Pyramids, is the Kasbah of Ouarzazat, south of Marrakech. The walls of these massive buildings slope inwards

he ramparts of the citadel of Moulay Ismail. Here 3,000 negroes surrounding Bonjad in subjection. Although it is now French, neither reconstruction have altered its original aspect



UNDER THE RAMPARTS OF THE KASBAH: Part of the defences of Taroudant, once the capital city of the Province of Sous, is here seen above some rough surrounding country. It is famous for orange blossom, perfume, and for leather slippers and bags

ENTRANCE to the K'sar, or Kasbah, of Bou Denib, in the heart of the Jafilelt region

main building, pierced only by the narrow loopholes and urreted projections adapted for the use of sharp-shooters in times of siege, but now, since the lord had made peace with the Roumis, mainly used by the inquisitive ladies of the harem. Through passages and guardrooms we were led to an inner court with a tesselated floor. Around it ran a cool, sheltering colonnade of marble pillars and in the centre bubbled a fountain in a marble basin.

There we met the Kaid. A tallish spare man, with grey-ng beard and moustaches, hollow cheeks and high cheek-ones, he was an impressive figure — a typical Moroccan chieftain and warrior, patriarch of the surrounding districts, the very counterpart in these days of our feudal barons of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. After examining our credentials, he bade us welcome and we filed out again to the outer apartments.

BUT THE GLIMPSE had sufficed to explain the existence of the mighty *kasbahs* of the Atlas. Like his forefathers the Kaid lived by the sword and in fear of the sword. Quarrels and greed raised one tribe against another in those remote fastnesses where might was right.

The *kasbahs* stood dominatingly, protecting and threatening the humble dwellings of mud and plaster lying at the foot, homes of labourers bearing the heavy load of thraldom. Enormous in size, they could store the harvest of a whole province, or shelter the populations of the surrounding villages in times of war. Raised many centuries ago, possibly by the toil of Christian captives and the design of some Portuguese engineer, they stood as symbols of the Sultan's power. The identity of their architects, the memories of the gigantic labours involved in their building, have been buried in oblivion.

"EL K'SAR," THE CASTLE, is a common-place-name in Morocco. It has passed into the Spanish tongue as "Alcazar." It is evidence of that warring spirit which built a great empire, and then brought it into decadence by internecine wars. The same spirit united former foes against the invading French, the magnitude of whose task can be imagined.

Aeroplanes and tanks were of no avail in mountainous regions, the chaos of which has to be seen to be believed. The wide variations in temperature of a treacherous climate told severely on the European legionaries. The narrow defiles, the precipitous slopes, favoured the guerilla warfare in which their brave foes delighted.

After years of a war of attrition, the French have conquered. The last remaining powerful chief recently surrendered to the "Infidels."

For the past two centuries the Moroccan Empire was crumbling. Now it has fallen utterly. A general air of disrepair possesses the hinterland. The castles, which were the only monuments of stability in a land of dismantled towns, have no more significance than the châteaux of the Loire.

What will France make of her great North-West African Empire? We can be guided in our conclusions by the success she has achieved in Tunisia and Algeria. Roads, bridges, railways, are being built with vigorous activity.

Soon the vast mineral wealth of the Atlas will be within reach.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED: An A.A. patrol with the "human repair outfit" he always carries, comes to the assistance of beauty in distress

"AA"

The New Road Traffic Act May Give the Great Motoring Organization Another Battle to fight on Behalf of Its Half-Million Members

By CHARLES GRAVES

WITH THE prospect of a new Road Traffic Act looming before us designed to amend the 1930 Act and to bring in a speed limit of 30 miles an hour for "built up areas," the A.A. comes out into the limelight more than ever again. This vast motoring organization, with its half-a-million members and gross income of £950,000 a year, began its career primarily to protect the motoring public from speed traps. Will it be compelled once again to renew its activities in this direction?

In 1905 the 20-mile-an-hour speed limit looked as though it were going to wreck the whole motoring industry. Members of the public were not likely to buy motor cars if they were fined £5 on every occasion that they were caught in a trap—a painfully monotonous experience at the time. The A.A. started by putting bicyclists on the Brighton road and warning motorists of speed traps round the corner. This went very well for a time, and it was decided, therefore, to get a badge which would identify the members. That was all right until the Surrey police succeeded in securing a conviction against a patrol for warning a motorist in the middle of a trap, on the grounds that he was obstructing them in the course of their duty. Fortunately for motorists, the A.A. countered this by sending out its famous yellow notice to its 8,000 members, "When a patrol does not salute, stop and ask the reason." When the first action against the A.A. for this, so to say, passive resistance, was brought, the police lost the case and the A.A. had made motoring safe for the public.

LOOKING BACK TO the early days when there was £75 4s. 6d. in the bank and only fourteen new members for election, it is extraordinary to realize what an astonishing job has been achieved by Sir Stenson Cooke, the moving spirit of the A.A. since the start. If you have not read *This Motoring*, his racy story of the Automobile Association written almost entirely in dialogue, you ought to do so. It tells of the many crises in its history. It unconsciously demonstrates the remarkable gift for showmanship of the author, one of the most brilliant being his offer to the War Office in 1909 to take a battalion of Guards to Hastings in private motor cars. This was done successfully, and proved for all time the value of motor transport in war. It had another and rather curious effect—that of compelling the Army Clothing Department to attach chin straps to the field caps of the infantry. For in the famous run to Hastings and back both officers and men were compelled to keep their caps on by tying handkerchiefs round them and under their chin.

To-day the A.A. has grown from a tiny committee, a secretary, and an office boy, to a gigantic organization necessarily departmental. There are, for example, the Road Department, the Home Touring Department, the Hotel and Garage Department, the Aviation Department, the Pilot Service Department, the Engineering Department, the Parliamentary Department, and, of course, the Legal Department. For obvious reasons the A.A. will not disclose the exact number of its patrols nor its telephone boxes. But some idea of the extent of its road service may be gleaned from the fact that it spends tens of thousands each year on its telephone bill. What is more, 26,585 miles of first-class roads, and 16,644 miles of second-class roads have been logged in Great Britain alone. Each section is given an index figure, and the work in the touring department is so well organized that I, for example, was given a complete route from London to Harlech in North Wales—a distance of 244¾ miles—in exactly 2½ minutes, timed by the clock from the moment that I asked for it.

Every day in the summer something like five thousand of these routes are issued, two thousand of them being sent out in London alone. So great is the pressure on this department, and so continuous the requests for its help, that there is a night staff at Fanum House, the A.A. headquarters in Coventry Street, which consequently remains open the whole of the twenty-four hours.

It is quite an experience to spend an evening there. Every few minutes the telephone bell rings with the most astonishing queries. The majority of the members enquire about cars and motoring, but many of them seem to have nothing to do with motoring at all. Here are a few of them. "Is Rugby played at Heidelberg?" "Should I wear a sun helmet in the Canary Isles?" "What is the best powder to deal with vermin in the Balkan States?" "Can I take a parrot with me into France and Italy?" "Can you assist me in tracing my husband who is a chauffeur living somewhere in London?" "Where can I obtain a pair of rubber boots of the type worn by the mobile police in Sussex?"

YES, THE PROBLEMS which this department tackles every night are astounding. A man telephones from Paris to say that his car has broken down in a village in Switzerland, and arrangements are at once made to bring it back to England. Another member wants to know how he can get a passport in the middle of the night, or whether he should puff or suck the inlet pipe to get a piece of fluff out of his carburetter. An enquirer from Glasgow wants to know whether it is cheaper to walk or travel by bicycle from Scotland to Florence. A motorist in Central Africa wants a dart-board to teach the local residents. A Balman motorist wishes for a comfortable home for his dog to be recommended.

Indirectly, the Automobile Association plays a distinctly important part in attracting overseas visitors to Great Britain. An increasing number of tourists travel part of the journey overland from abroad, and then tranship their cars direct to British ports. In the past few weeks itineraries to the British Isles were issued by the A.A. from Asia Minor, Africa (including the Sahara crossing and Cape to Cairo route—a by no means unusual crossing nowadays), India, the Belgian Congo, and British East Africa. In the past year foreign routes supplied to members have covered a distance of more than 10,000,000 miles, added to which, printed itineraries have been issued summarizing conditions in various parts of the world, with details of the state of the roads, hotel and garage accommodation, fuel facilities, and so on. In addition, a number of tricky business itineraries have been arranged for British motorists travelling abroad. Of these, the two most unusual were a couple of world tours—a route from London to the Arctic Ocean, and a tour all round the shores of the Mediterranean.

The Pilot Service Department, of which I spoke further back, is for the benefit of people who live in the provinces and who find difficulty in crossing London by car. Special men are detailed to meet and pilot them from, let us say, north to south, or east to west.

To-day the A.A. roadside telephone boxes are to be found all over the British Isles. In fact, their road service is a national institution. Several million miles are covered annually by the patrols, and hundreds of members receive roadside aid, information, and directions every day. Each patrol is responsible for the safety of his particular beat. This varies in length according to the amount of traffic and conditions generally. It is his duty to see that the road is free from obstruction. He cleans the A.A. signs on his beat. If, in the event of frost, the road is slippery, in the absence of the council's officials he sprinkles grit or sand. If a dense fog occurs, he lights a special flare and generally assists motorists in every way possible. It is also his duty to report any occurrence likely to affect the free use of the highway to area

(Continued on p. 194)

THE CONTINENT IN A FILING CABINET: The Foreign Touring Reception room where a route from Brest to Moscow or Stockholm to Constantinople can be obtained

On right—TO ANYWHERE IN THIS ISLAND: A corner of the Home Touring Department, showing the actual preparation of routes

GODSEND TO THE BROKEN-DOWN: A motor-cycle patrol which can execute "field repairs" to man, woman, and car

VERNAL BEAUTY

BLOSSOMING CHAMPIONS! A group of competitors at the West Side Tournament at Ealing admire the cherry blossom. The weather was not ever-kind to the tennis

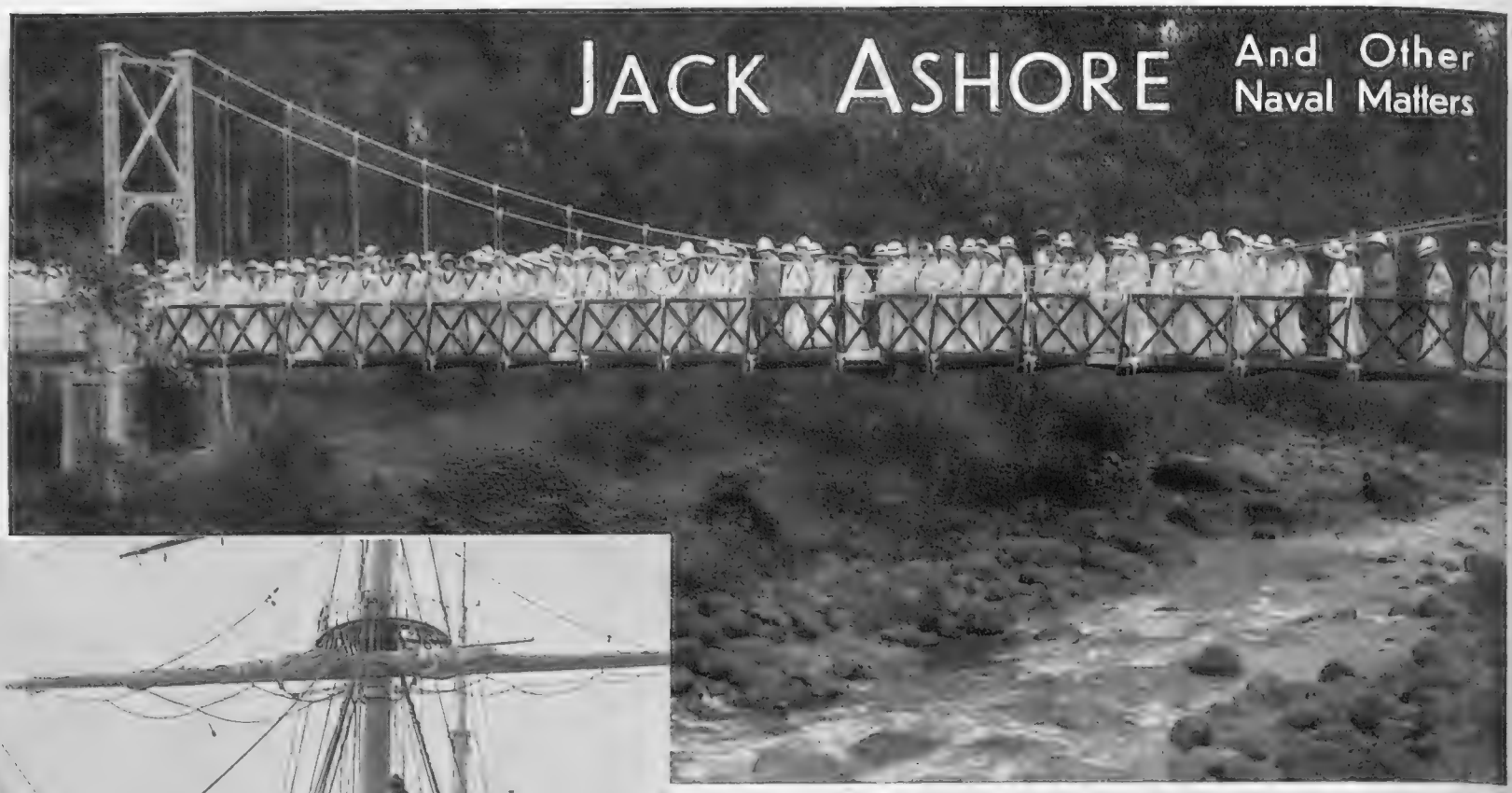
Special SPHERE *picture*

AN URBAN HIPPOLYTA: A superb picture of an attractive rider in the Row. The definition of the veins and muscles in the horse, the brilliance of the tones combine with the charm of subject and setting to render this the finest snapshot taken in Hyde Park this year

OLD WORLD: Mr. Edmund Ewell and his bride, formerly Miss Elsie Samme, wave to their bridesmaids. The dresses, the church—Downe Parish Church, near Farnham—and the old inn were all in perfect keeping

"SNOW FLAKES" IN APRIL: The bridesmaids at the marriage of Miss Angela Brett, daughter of the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Brett (Zena Dare), to Mr. Kenneth Thornton, a London stockbroker, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The flimsy, filmy frocks give the impression of a swirl of snow flakes

JACK ASHORE And Other Naval Matters



THE NAVY SEES THE WORLD: British sailors crossing the swing bridge in the Botanical Gardens at Buitenzorg while sight-seeing in the island of Java

A SAILING SHIP BUILT IN 1934: *Al Maria Saloanha*, four-masted barquentine with auxiliary Diesel engines, built at Barrow as a Brazilian training vessel. She is to have her trials this month

BIG BUOYS FOR THE NAVY: Twenty-five of these—each is 10 ft. high, 40 ft. round the "waist," nearly 7 tons in weight—travelled by a special train of "crocodile wagons" from Chepstow. They are for the naval base at Rosyth. The adjoining metals had to be kept clear

AMPHIBIAN: Marines on the beach of Stonecutter's Island with the city of Hong Kong in the distance

SPRING IN LATVIA

FROM THE LAND OF FOLK-SONG: Two Letts in all the picturesque finery that, in defiance of the pressure of modern civilization and its uniformity of dress, they have retained. Latvia has a published collection of no fewer than 200,000 folk-songs

JEWELLERY OF THE BALTIC: The note struck by the ornaments worn is suggestive of Celtic and Scandinavian art

NATIONAL DRESS: Although its history has been far from independent, Latvia ever retains a nationalism and a patriotism which have had scope in which to manifest themselves only in the last decade and a half. It was subject in turn to the Knights of the Germanic Order of the Sword, ancestors of the Baltic barons; part of it then fell to Poland; subsequently at the height of the Swedish power, it was liege to the Vasa Dynasty at Stockholm; with the rise of the Muscovite Empire it was annexed to Russia. The Protestant influence of the Teutonic invasion of the sixteenth century is still perceptible in its religion, but the harsh atmosphere of the Lutheran culture has been mellowed by the luxurious influence of the Greek communion. Letts fought shoulder to shoulder with the Russians until 1917

PUPILS of the householding school of Kanzminde. Although almost entirely a peasantry, there are no illiterates in the Lettish population which comprises more than 90 per cent. of the total inhabitants. The remaining 8 or 9 per cent. are a hotch-potch of Russians, Germans, Lithuanians, and Jews. The general language is Lettish—akin to Lithuanian—but Russian and German are also widely spoken

WHERE ATLANTIC BREAKERS ROLL

THE FISHER BOY: With his foot and finger as a guide, Michaeleen Dilliane fishes from a 300 ft. cliff

THE SHARK HUNTER: "Tiger King," fisherman of the Aran Islands, hunting the huge sun-bathing sharks off the rugged coasts of his home

Mr. Flaherty, the Northern explorer and maker of films of reality such as "Nanook of the North" and "Moana," spent eighteen months on the Aran Islands, where he lived with the Islanders and photographed their lives for his latest film, "MAN OF ARAN," which, as we go to press, is running in the West End. He describes here something of the life of these interesting people of the Irish Free State, who live in an elemental fashion within thirty miles of the mainland.

I WENT to the Aran Islands to make a film because I had heard that the life there was incredibly hard. I scented a real life story such as invariably captures my imagination, an everyday drama of human beings snatching an existence through a continual, unabating conflict with Nature.

I was not disappointed.

I found a small community, near to the world, yet isolated from it by their very mode of living and their mental outlook.

There are about fifteen hundred people on the largest of the Isles of Aran; in the entire group there cannot be above two thousand. The descent of these hardy folk is something of a mystery, and legend has it that they spring from the ancient kings of Ireland. However this may be, their fine, natural dignity is a plain sign of pure, strong breeding; and although they owe political allegiance to Ireland, there are radical differences between them and the mainlanders of Galway and Connemara.

Their great pride of race has just cause, for the Aran man, rugged, admirably knit, clad in his simple homespuns, his hide "pampooties" (a kind of sandal), and his tufted bonnet, is a magnificent specimen of humanity. Generations of unceasing battle against the ever-threatening sea and the implacable rock—which is nevertheless the only element Nature has given him for a friend—have made him a splendid creature, clear of eye, keen of faculties, and endowed with great courage, endurance, and fortitude.

CAPTURE: Shark-fishing may be revived off the Aran coast

HIS LAND IS THE BARE ROCK: his home a simple, thatched house wrought of the very substance of his island. From the rugged barrenness, lashed year in and year out by the Atlantic breakers, he has to wrest an existence; and it is a tribute to his persistence and dogged courage, as well as to the blind instinct of life to survive, that these islands have maintained a population through the centuries.

Agriculture is the mainstay of the islanders, and the very centre of their existence. And what agriculture! Before they can grow a single root the men of Aran have to manufacture the soil in which to plant it. Within small plots marked out by walls of loose rock the limestone outcrop is pounded by sledge-hammers and mixed with sand brought from the sea shore, as well as rare scrapings of earth from rock crevices. This poor mixture is laid in ridges across the fields, the troughs being filled with seaweed, which acts as a fertilizer. Unbelievably enough, this amazing farming does produce crops, the chief of which are remarkably fine potatoes. Other fields become pasture for the famed Aran cattle.

ON THE LARGEST islands of the group, cattle spend the winter out of doors, despite the great storms which sweep the island during that season. So far from taking hurt from this exposure, they wax so healthy that breeders from the mainland ship their stock to the islands for the winter months. Pigs are also kept by the Aran people; and almost every house has its few sheep. From the wool of these are made the homespun garments almost universally worn.

The small fields and the few animals which provide an elemental livelihood for the island communities are continually menaced by the sea. In bad storms huge breakers which tower above the cliffs have been known to pour down the rock, and wash away fields, crops and all, in a few seconds wiping out the results of months of patient work. One can imagine the hardship and bitterness which must follow such desolation.

THESE PEOPLE FULLY realize the menace of the sea; and their steadfast defiance of it is one of the most remarkable aspects of their lives, for in it is most strikingly displayed their daring and their courage. To the man who for the first time sees them going through heavy seas in their frail, canvas curaghs their daring seems mere foolhardiness; but one soon becomes sensible of their amazing skill in navigation, the product of long centuries of battling with the waves. The curaghs are craft for three oarsmen, something between a canoe and a ship's long-boat in shape, incredibly sea-worthy in view of their extreme lightness.

IN THESE BOATS the islanders sometimes travel to the mainland; but more often they fish, the major portion of their catch, which is principally herring and mackerel, being salted away for the winter. Many years ago, before the end of last century, shark-hunting was a profitable industry for the islanders. Oil obtained from the catch provided them with light and heat: and, moreover, it was saleable at something like £50 a ton on the mainland. Unaccountably, the sharks suddenly left the waters, and, although they have recently returned, the industry and the skill in hunting have died out with the older generation.

In view of the spectacle it would afford for a scene in my film, I persuaded some of the best boatmen on the island to go shark-hunting; and a very good job they made of it, despite the fact that they were using harpoons and irons covered with the rust of years. Will it happen that we have been the means of reviving this profitable industry?

Of recent years many men have left the islands to try their fortune in the great world. Nearly everyone has a relation in America, but it is a significant comment on the state of the New World that some of these wanderers have returned from that country to live the life of their fathers in the islands of their birth.

Robert Flaherty

KING OF ARAN: "Tiger King," a fisherman from the remote Aran Islands, who plays the leading role in the epic film of their native life created by Robert Flaherty

RA The Lure of the Feminine at Burlington House

"MRS. GERALD WELLESLEY" by H. James Gunn

"THE LADY DELAMERE" by J. A. M. Hay

"JANE" by Edmond Brock

"LILIAN" by Harold Knight, A.R.A.

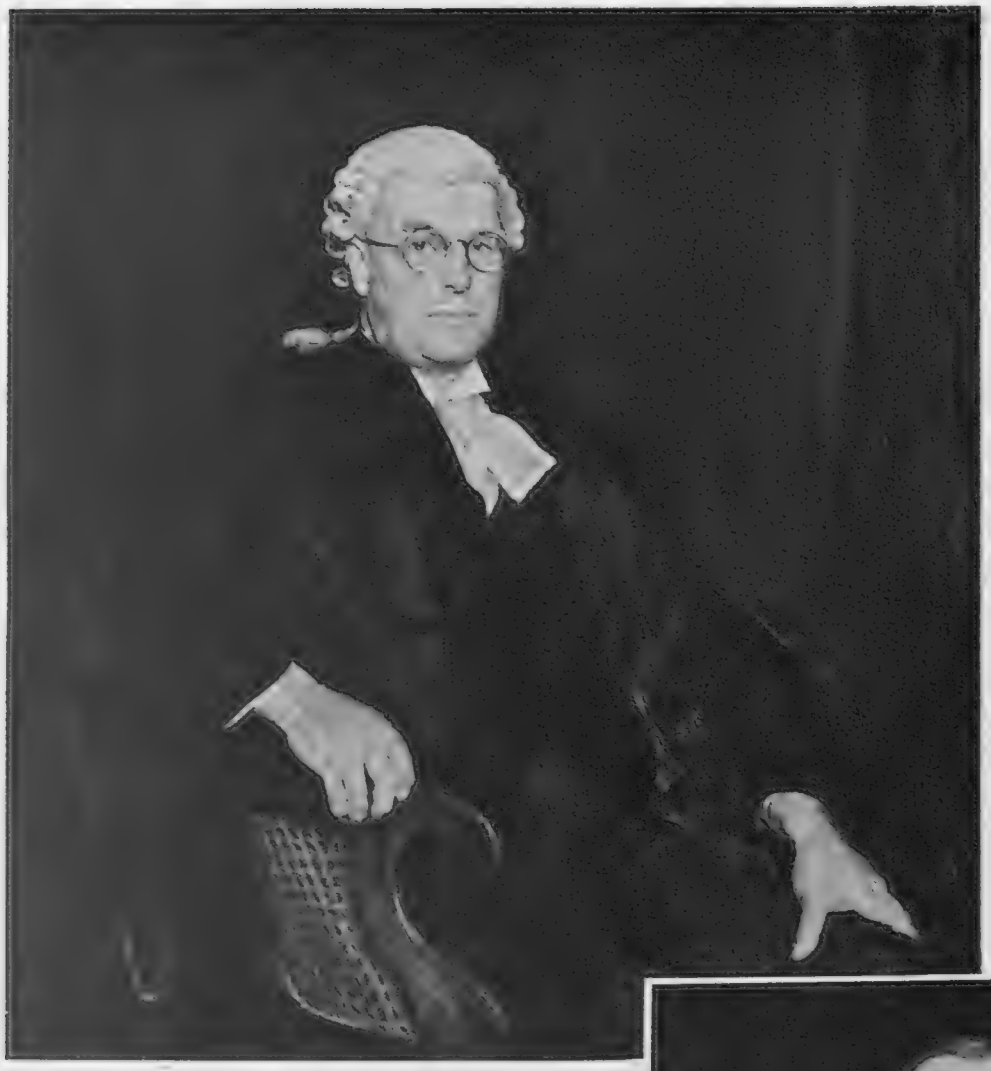
O

On right:

"BELINDA" by Lewis Baumer

ART of the PORTRAIT at the ROYAL ACADEMY

The Strength of this Year's Exhibition Lies Largely in its Masculine Portraiture



"D. N. PRITT, ESQ., K.C." by T. C. Dugdale

"RT. REV. LORD WM. CECIL, BISHOP OF EXETER" by Meredith Frampton

o

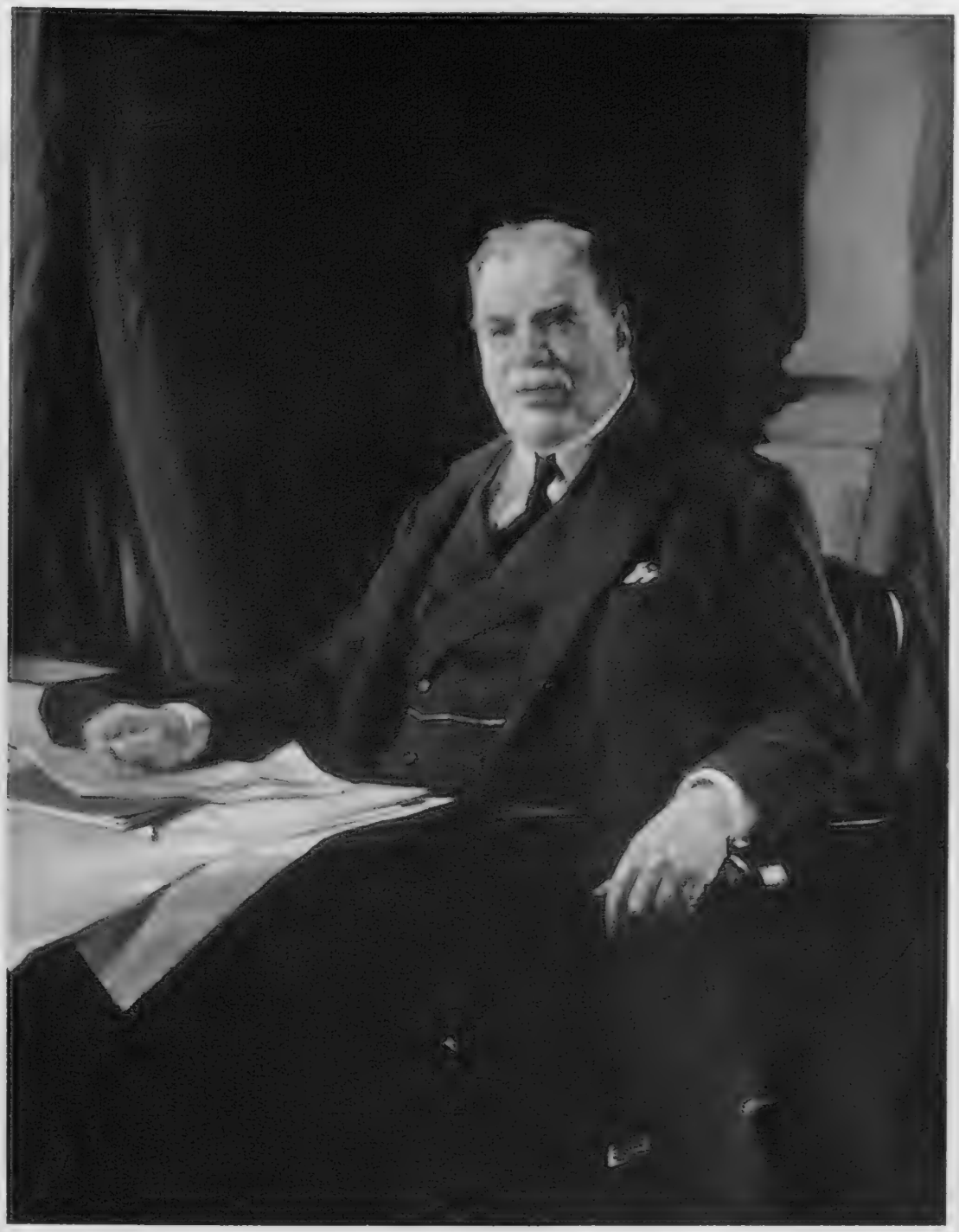
Above on right:
"VISCOUNT ROTHERMERE" by Harold Knight, A.R.A.

o

On right:
"LIEUT.-COL. W. B. J. OSBALDESTON-MITFORD" by H. Raeburn-Dobson

"H.M. THE KING, SENIOR B
OF LINCOLN'S INN

BENCHER" by Oswald Birley



"RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY, K.G." by Sir William Llewellyn, P.R.A.

"ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET, EARL JELLICOE" by W. T. Monnington, A.R.A.

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On left: "CAPTAIN GRISMOND PHILIPPS" by Margaret Lindsay Williams

"COLONEL G. CHRYSTIE" by Richard Jack, R.A.

GENRE at the R.A.

"PARENTS' RESURRECTION" by Stanley Spencer, A.R.A.

"IN WONDERLAND" by Charles Spencelayh

"THE PRIME MINISTER AT LOSSIEMOUTH" by Sir John Lavery, R.A.

"A TROOPER, SCOTS GREYS, 1807" by A. J. Munnings, R.A.

"A RIDING ACT" by Dame Laura Knight, A.R.A.

On right: "MR. AND MRS. L. S. CHANLER AND CHILDREN" by A. K. Lawrence, A.R.A.

LONDON'S CHANGING FACE

IMPERISHABLE OAK OF ENGLAND: Excavations at the Bank of England have brought to light the great oaken piles on which the original "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" was erected in 1734. The timber, as can seen in the picture, is in a remarkable state of preservation

"PEPYS' TOWER" REPAINTED: Workmen busy on the steeple of St. Olave's, City, from which the diarist watched the Great Fire

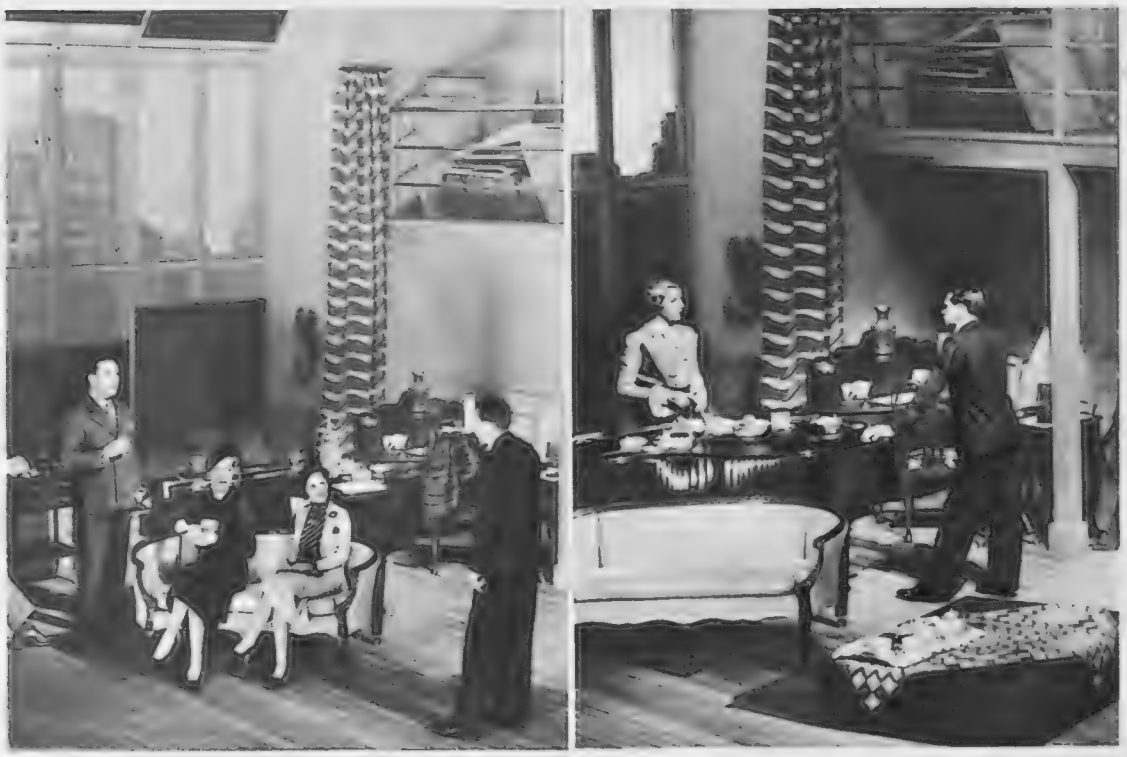
Drawing by Percy Home

CHANGE IN OLD KENSINGTON: For two centuries a row of ancient houses has figured on the north side of Brompton Road. The pavement still ascends in three broad steps, and a row of trees at the west end adds a touch of the country to this part of Old Kensington. Now a large portion of this row opposite Harrods is being demolished to make way for a big block of flats and shops. These houses were formerly known as Brompton Row and Queen's Row

REBUILDING IN CORNHILL: Workmen demolishing the Scottish Widows Fund and Life Assurance building; the gap reveals part of the Church of St. Michael, Cornhill

RENOVATION: A year's work has already been put in on Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey. The masonry has been repaired and weak places strengthened with copper stitches. The delicate stone tracery of the fan-vaulting is now being cleaned and covered with protective whitewash, a process which has traditional warranty in Abbey procedure

THE CHIEF MOURNER NOT IN MOURNING: Mr. Franklin Dyall, the husband who has pretended to strangle his wife in defence of his honour, holds a mock funeral—at which his wife appears!—but forgets to dress suitably. An amusing moment in *The Mask and the Face*, revived at the Royalty



Special "Sphere" picture *Special "Sphere" picture*

A NOEL COWARD PRODUCTION: Two moments from *Biography*, an example of high comedy in which Miss Ina Claire makes a welcome return to London. *On left*—Mr. Frank Cellier, Miss Claire, Miss Joan Wyndham, Mr. Laurence Olivier. *On right*—Mr. Olivier as the idealistic editor; Miss Claire as the artist who would compromise with life

REPLACING NOEL COWARD: M. Pierre Fresnay who has taken over the author's part in *Conversation Piece*, at His Majesty's. M. Fresnay, here seen with Mlle Printemps, has already a London reputation

(*Continued from p.* 172)

Yes—there is a place, America. The author knows his ground, and I would not dispute that knowledge. If Marion, the woman in question, had said "Yes," this play would not have existed at all. By saying "No," Marion becomes a preposterously unsympathetic character, repenting too late, even though by offering in the last act to delete the chapters causing trouble she lost another lover.

That, in effect, is the story; there is too little of it, and it is of the wrong quality. There is so much pother about a situation we can only force ourselves to imagine can ever have existed. Marion, though with this handicap, is, however, painted as being the only likeable person, and the author has been kind to her in giving her a monopoly in the available stock of humour. None of the men who argue with her, make love to her, plead with her, has any sense of humour at all, and owing to the "star" system the only other women in the play—there are two of them—are negligible.

The rising politician is a pompous weakling. His prospective father-in-law, a more experienced politician, is more pompous still, a lecherous beast of the sensational type, whose hobby is the more embarrassing department of food-crankism. Marion's latest and youngest lover is her editor, who not only has no manners, but less humour than either, if one can have less than nothing. He is a bad-tempered and Bolshefied youth, who rails at the world, picks quarrels over trifles, and spends his time in chasing offensively after the crown of a martyr. Marion is left alone to paint portraits, write more biographies, or travel round the world with her maid.

DRAMA

Plays of the Hour

With slim material of this type the treatment is everything. Here it is slick in the extreme, as no one will be surprised to find who remembers Mr. Behrman's rather better play, *The Second Man*. The atmosphere is mildly amusing, the writing neat and to the point, and Marion is throughout quick on the uptake. Mr. Coward has looked upon *Biography*, has seen that it was good, and has given it the advantage of producing it personally.

And if, as I suspect, he has been responsible for the casting, I offer him further congratulations. No better choice than Mr. Frank Cellier could have been made for the ambitious politician; and Mr. Sam Livesey, as one whose experience of politics went further, showed with unctuous fun a particularly loathsome aspect of American life. Mr. Laurence Olivier nearly succeeded in keeping his charm right under as the scowling young man whose "ideals" made himself and everyone else so uncomfortable.

Miss Ina Claire, who made a big success as Marion in New York, was a musical-comedy star in London in pre-War days. Let not that bring up visions of a Miss Claire, in a veil, a big hat, balloon sleeves, being driven in a dog-cart to lunch at the Star and Garter at Richmond. Miss Claire is a slim blonde who looks about six-and-twenty, and is so charming an actress that it is distressing to realize what we have missed through allowing her native America to have kept her from us for over twenty years. She has a touch of Marie Tempest, a dash of Gertrude Lawrence, a little of Ursula Jeans, and a very great deal, thank goodness, of Ina Claire.

"Why Not To-Night?"—There was once, it is said, an island whose inhabitants lived by taking in one another's washing. One is reminded of that by a revue, the best part of which consists of very clever people of the entertainment profession, imitating other very clever people of the entertainment profession.

That is the case with *Why Not To-Night?* the new revue at the Palace. Of course the mimicry is the best of its kind. Mr. Nelson Keys, the greatest of imitators, is himself inimitable. Miss Florence Desmond is an altogether worthy member of the House of Keys—in the professional and not the family sense. Mr. Keys does some brilliant mimicry—Mr. Sydney Howard, Mr. Jack Hulbert. Then Miss Desmond does some brilliant mimicry, notably Miss Mae West; in every way a gorgeous episode this. Finally, Mr. Keys and Miss Desmond perform a mimicry duet, the former as Mr. Gordon Harker arguing with the latter as Miss Greta Garbo. Miss Desmond adds, of course, her uncanny portrayal of Miss Tallulah Bankhead, and altogether the sincerest form of flattery runs riot throughout the evening.

I think it was wise to let it run, for this revue is in other respects rather on the weak side. Mr. Keys can do plenty of other things than mimicry; he has a keen sense of burlesque and is a first-rate character-actor. So can Miss Desmond, who showed that she has in addition to her other gifts all the requisites of a revue or musical-comedy leading-lady.

But in this revue there is nothing, except the irresistible foolery of the three "knock-abouts," the Diamond Brothers, that approaches its mimicry. The sketches are feeble and ancient. There was wit in a trio about some Bloomsbury highbrows who really prefer Mickey Mouse, but precious little anywhere else. The two ballets are no better and no worse than that solemn function, the average revue ballet, though M. Idzikowski is a great dancer and Mr. Walford Hayden (who used to conduct for Madame Pavlova) has written music that is well above the average.

Perhaps the most serious fault, apart from those lamentable little "chestnuts" served up in dramatic form—when *will* it be realized that even a good smoking-room yarn does not necessarily make a good revue sketch, and a poor yarn thus transmogrified is a disaster?—is the poor use made of clever human material. I doubt whether Miss Greta Nissen, the Norwegian film star, is weighed down into the dust with singing or acting ability. But she is a graceful creature and a pretty one, and we might have had more of the type of work she did in the *Nuns* ballet.

Miss Polly Luce, who is much more than merely a blonde, seemed to have almost nothing to do at all. And it is the continued fate of Miss Gina Malo, who is a dancer and a soubrette with enough electricity in her to galvanise a dead whale, to be given work quite unworthy of her talents.

Still, *Why Not To-night?* is among the better revues. With a new edition prepared with all possible speed it should soon be better still.

Philip Page

OPERA

Changes at Covent Garden

OPERA IN COVENT GARDEN has had an exciting and somewhat precarious career. Yet it manages to cling tenaciously to life in spite of alarums and excursions such as that at the end of the 1933 season, when it was reported that the Covent Garden Opera House was not a financial success, and consequently would probably be pulled down almost immediately.

Fortunately a new company was formed, and Grand Opera appears again this summer at Covent Garden in even greater splendour than usual.

The present Opera House is the third, or rather the fourth, theatre on the same site.

The first was opened in December 1733, by John Rich, the famous Harlequin, and sixty years later, at a cost of £30,000, it was so enlarged and altered as to be almost a new house. The prices then—oh, lovely thought!—were: Boxes 6s., pit 3s. 6d., and gallery 2s. This theatre, while under the management of John Kemble, was burnt to the ground in 1808. Thirty lives were lost and a great deal of valuable property was destroyed, including Handel's organ.

A few months later the foundation stone of the third and much larger theatre was laid by the Prince of Wales, later to become George IV.

Finally in 1847 Italian opera was opened there, but so extravagantly that in 1848 there was a loss of nearly £35,000. It managed, however, to continue with opera being occasionally let for other purposes, and on March 5, 1856, after a masked ball, it was burnt to the ground.

The present house, of which E. M. Barry, R.A., was the architect, was designed expressly for opera, and was opened in May, 1858. The statues and bas-reliefs which decorate the exterior were saved from the former theatre. It is considerably larger than its predecessor, and nearly as large as La Scala at Milan.

CYCLORAMA: A "Sphere" diagram of the new back-cloth which unrolls on a steel-cored rope and is subsequently rewound on to its pillar

UNDRESS REHEARSAL: The cast on the fine castle scene designed by Rex Whistler for Beethoven's only opera, *Fidelio*, with which the season opens

On right—BALLET IN THE BAR! So overwhelmed with work was Covent Garden that rehearsals had to be improvised in the new bar-foyer

THIS YEAR some alterations have been made to the house, though fortunately none of them is in the auditorium, that fine relic of Victorian splendour.

The foyer has been enlarged, the balcony having been brought into the room and the bar placed in it, and there is a new bar for the gallery. A new block of rehearsal and dressing-rooms has been built, and the stage itself has been fitted with all the latest methods of lighting.

It were surely a tragedy if there were no Grand Opera in the London Season, and this year the opera will be Grand in every sense of the word. Mr. Geoffrey Toye, that accomplished artist, is the managing director. The principal conductor is Sir Thomas Beecham; Dr. Clemens Krauss has come from the State Opera in Vienna; Maestro Gino Marinuzzi from the Teatro Reale, Rome.

Many favourite operatic stars are here again; for instance, Lotte Lehmann, Frida Leider, Autori, and Melchoir, while among the many notable newcomers are Erna Berger, Markit Bokor, Alfred Bartolitus, and Emmanuel List.

Then there are three new operas which have never been performed in England: *Arabella*, by Strauss; *Schwanda*, by Weinberger; *Cenerentola*, by Rossini.

In addition, most of the operas have complete new sets of scenery, and the scenic effects throughout are considerably enhanced by the new cyclorama.

Beethoven's fine and too rarely heard opera, *Fidelio*, opens the season. The scenery for this has been designed by Rex Whistler, who has given us a superb dramatic castle.

The Ring has new scenery throughout, designed by Gabriel Volkoff, who is almost a newcomer to the world of the theatre. He is a Russian, formerly attached to the Russian Embassy in London, who took up painting for the first time five years ago. His scenery for *The Ring* puts him in the front rank of scenic designers.

Schwanda, by Weinberger, is a particularly interesting feature of the season. The composer being a Jew, the opera has been proscribed in Germany, and the scenery, newly designed for the Berlin Opera House, has been bought intact and brought to London.

Then there is Strauss' new opera, *Arabella*, which has three beautiful scenes; one in a flat in Vienna in 1860; another, the ballroom of a Viennese hotel; the third, the ballroom lobby. The designs for scenery and costumes are by von Arendt.

The *première* of the opera took place in Dresden in the spring, and the settings and costumes are being minutely copied from this Dresden production.

M. I. Batten

REHEARSAL—NOT REFRESHMENT! The Vic-Wells Corps de Ballet, under the direction of Miss Margaret Wallmann, ballet producer of the Vienna State Opera and the Salzburg Festivals. They are rehearsing the ballet for *Schwanda* in Covent Garden's new bar

The Spr

a consecutive fifth or contrapuntal licence in a phrase by the wood-wind.

It is perhaps unfair to contrast Mr. Toye's conscientious building up of the life of his hero with the suave subtleties of Mr. Sitwell's method, since it must be by accident that both books appear at the same time.

A revival in Rossini is not only due, it is here. It is shortly to be given an auspicious lead at Covent Garden. So Mr. Toye's study is a timely one, and well worth reading, even by those whose only knowledge of Rossini is confined to the appreciation of the overture to *William Tell* being played on the handbells of a music-hall turn.

FROM THE EDITOR'S SHELF— : New books are selected for "The Sphere's" weekly criticism

As every apprentice to the book trade knows, the overwhelming popularity the novel has enjoyed for a decade is on the wane. Every day the public appetite for biography, autobiography, memoirs, adventure, travel (humorously lumped together by publishers as "general" books) grows larger.

"Life without theory" was Disraeli's definition of biography; but it was a day in which the masquerading historian had not thought of putting a selected hero on the spot, exhibiting the mutilated remains to adorn the otherwise sterile tale of his views.

"History is Bunk," said Henry Ford (thereby arriving at the truth with the simple directness of a Big Business Man). But history, in the hands of modern biographers, is in danger of becoming the story of the debunked.

I find hope and complete agreement with Miss Marjorie Bowen who, in a preface to **MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS** (John Lane. 15s.), says: "It is doubtful whether this method of caustic, mocking biography is really much relished by most of us . . . The game has proved too easy to be long popular; the amateur and the hack have brought into disrepute a school of writing which was inaugurated by the brilliant talent of men of letters."

Yes, and can even the "brilliant" school of Strachey stand up to this?

"We are all of us vicariously humiliated in the degradation of the hero who must, in order to have attained the position from which his last biographer has carefully dragged him, have at one time or another represented a national idea or some achievement admired by all humanity."

Which, you must agree, gives the nail a pretty square whack on the head.

Now Miss Marjorie Bowen is a master in a peculiarly difficult field, and the sum of her achievements, under her own name and under pseudonyms, is considerable. She has an apparently insatiable appetite for research; is a scholar by instinct, and by nature a gentleman.

As an imaginative writer and a teller of stories she can knock spots off most of the novelists writing to-day.

Her story of *Mary Queen of Scots* is fresh, vivid, exciting, and enthralling.

You may know the story inside out; you may, according to your partisanship, disagree violently with some of her judgments; but unless you are the kind of dullard who cannot fall for the sweep of fine narrative prose, of colourful atmosphere, of the deeper insight of a woman for a woman in distress, you will agree that this is a fine book.

So having roughly agreed that we like a hero to be a hero we turn with pleasure to two musical biographies.

LISZT, by Sacheverell Sitwell (Faber. 15s.), is a whole-hearted appreciation of a man of genius. (We had always suspected that the Sitwells had hearts, and must be gratified to find one of them triumphantly in the right place.)

There is something very apt in this painstaking pursuer of the baroque lavishing his considerable literary talents upon such a prince of virtuosos as the Abbé Liszt.

It is time it was done, and I for one hope it will start a Liszt revival among the musical intelligentsia. For too long have his melodies languished among the moanings and scrapings of restaurant orchestras and been blared to death by seaside bands.

But apart from all that, here is the story of a very human man—or the kind of man we like to think of as human — passionate, charming, terribly attractive to women, even in his old age.

Inevitably Mr. Sitwell, for all his admittedly deep knowledge of music, takes a literary attitude to his subject.

On the other hand Mr. Francis Toye's **ROSSINI** (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is the work of a music critic. Now part of the stock in trade of every specialized critic is a kind of mumbo-jumbo invented to express, in a literary form, his appraisal of another art. Mr. Toye makes a valiant effort to be a good biographer to his hero, but the air of the concert hall hangs about his prose and you feel the critic lurking, ready to pounce upon

Incidentally, since I must be contrasting, I would like to point to the excellence of the production of Messrs. Faber's *Liszt*. It is everything which Messrs. Heinemann's *Rossini* is not. The former is a charming book with illustrations blending perfectly into excellent typography, a comprehensive index, and valuable running heads; the latter is a hotch-potch of bad half-tones and slap-dash printing.

In **BEN JONSON** (Routledge. 12s. 6d.), Mr. John Palmer has a rare and satisfying subject. (I see that I have subconsciously used that word "rare." It has pursued Ben Jonson down the years. How he would have roared his disapproval at it!)

A quarrelsome fellow in his lifetime, I venture the opinion that none better than he would have enjoyed the innumerable quarrels his life and work have since provoked. There is a school, for instance, who maintain that Jonson was jealous and envious of Shakespeare and who have been at pains to go through his plays with a fine tooth-comb, for spiteful allusions. With deft argument and ample quotation, Mr. Palmer makes mincemeat of this legend.

"For I loved the man and do honour his memory,
on this side idolatry. . . ."

"To his literary insolence there was no circumference." His praise was as likely to provoke offence as his censure, yet he could never understand why he made himself unpopular. This in his lifetime, so there is something to be said for the Shakespearean critics. With his contempt for pride and privilege he angered his peers and worried a king with cultural ambitions. He was the first Poet Laureate and was buried in Westminster Abbey, but he narrowly escaped a hangman's grave instead. With his death "the English Renaissance had ceased to be an inspiration and had become a legend."

"GONE RUSTIC." By Cecil Roberts

If Pilgrim Cottage, Assendon, Oxon (yes, that is its genuine postal address) one day bears a plaque with the words "Immortalized by Cecil Roberts" no one need be surprised. It has provided the inspiration for an uncommonly good novel, and now stands forth as the heroine of a romance of real life. It was a case of love at first sight when Mr. Roberts caught a glimpse over a high hedge of a russet-tiled roof with three black-and-white dormer windows. How he wooed and won the cottage of his dreams, how he lavished love and thought on his bucolic mistress, is a tale told with infectious gusto.

CHARMING ILLUSTRATION, sympathetic in feeling, accurate in representation, embellishes Cecil Roberts's book. The artist is Percy Home

You have not to read very far into these pages to discover why Mr. Roberts was undeterred by the fact that he was not the first in the now fashionable field of rustic literature. He has something very clear, practical, and definite to say about the art and pleasure of living in a cottage and a garden. You feel that his experience and his delight have been honestly gained and as honestly handed on to the reader.

As a piece of writing I doubt whether Mr. Roberts has done anything before which shows such easy command. Both in verse and prose he leaves the extraordinarily satisfactory impression of having accomplished exactly what he set out to do—to make a thundering good book out of Pilgrim Cottage. He has done it without any sentimentalizing. In the end, indeed, he betrays less regret at turning his back on rusticity when the leaves have fallen from his poplars than most readers will feel when they turn the last leaves of an enchanting volume.

C. B. Mortlock.

(Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

ing-time Stream of Books

Gossip of the Week from the World of Authorship

A fine biography; the book I have most enjoyed reading this week.

A controversial figure in another field is **MARTIN LUTHER** (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 12s. 6d.). Mr. Brian Lunn has attempted nothing more than a workmanlike biography of the monk who shook the very foundations of Christendom, whose spiritual enquirings brought bishops and theologians thundering after him, and who started something that was destined to alter the map of Europe.

Of special interest to the scholar will be Mr. Lunn's comprehensive survey of Luther's early spiritual wrestlings. Whatever his religious opinions the general reader will be moved by the passionate, sincere, and often lovable figure which Mr. Lunn succeeds in re-creating in these pages.

Our grandfathers professed themselves to be mightily shocked and scandalized by Adah Isaacs Menken when she first appeared as Byron's Mazeppa, in flesh-coloured tights, a "dimity nothing" at the waist, strapped to the back of a "firey steed." They went on being shocked. Adah went on to make £10,000 a year.

Her glamorous personality attracted many famous men; her own taste in them ran to the bohemian. Poets and novelists flocked round her, Walt Whitman and Bret Harte in America, in Europe Charles Reade, Dickens, Swinburne, Rossetti, Gautier, and Dumas. Georges Sand was godmother to her son. Both Swinburne and Dumas lost their heads completely over her; Swinburne, under the influence of the egregious Watts-Dunton, afterwards behaving very badly.

Mr. Bernard Falk tells Adah Menken's story in **THE NAKED LADY** (Hutchinson. 18s.), and in doing so he re-creates a woman who was once the flesh and blood rage of a decade, a beautiful creature who was a legend, a great actress whose prowess has been obscured by the mists of fantasy.

Mr. Falk has obviously enjoyed writing this biography, even though the work on it must have entailed much research through contemporary documents. It is about ten times more exciting and interesting than the ordinary novel.

Among the novels I choose first

His prose runs as swiftly, as incisively, as idiomatically as Hemingway's (without in the least being "of the school of"); he can tell a better story, almost as well as Lewis, and he is a romanticist.

In *Dark Hazard* he poses the conflict between a born gambler with decent instincts and the woman he married, a good woman with bad instincts. Jim loved his wife and fought with his baser passions to "give her a break." But there was always something turning up to demand a "flutter"; his shirt went on too often. Margery loathed gambling with all the hatred of an exemplary character; her calm appropriation of Jim's nest-egg on self-righteous grounds is, in her view, completely justified.

Dark Hazard is a greyhound, Jim's passion and solace in a world of ups and downs.

This is a novel you will enjoy telling everybody about when you've read it.

In **THE GREEN SCAMANDER** (Constable. 7s. 6d.) Miss Maude Meagher re-creates the legendary Amazons in a story which tells of the founding of the Amazon capital, Themiscryia, and the last of the warrior Queens, Penthesilea. The novel is documented with a formidable bibliography and a map.

Miss Meagher's Queen is something more than a heroine, she is of the stuff of great heroes (and is slain at Troy in single combat with Achilles). It is evident that the story has a strong feminine purpose behind it which, I maintain, adds to rather than detracts from its interest.

I read it with much enjoyment.

Now Miss Joanna Cannan writes a novel, **UNDER PROOF** (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), apparently to prove that the pre-War generation had a lot to answer for, and that the post-War lot are of a distinctly poor quality. I never succeeded in becoming interested in any of them.

Nor could I in the heroine of **PRESENTING LILY MARS,** by Booth Tarkington (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). Lily is an actress suffering from an overdose of "artistic temperament." Her waywardness, her selfishness, her tantrums and her sentimentalizings appear to have engrossed Mr. Tarkington, but the subject is démodé and the old touch woefully lacking.

The publisher makes no bones about **THE SINGER PASSES,** by Maud Diver (Blackwood. 8s. 6d.).

"This is a great novel," declares the blurb; "in short, it is a masterpiece."

In a note the author says: "I have tried to achieve a true and living presentment of Northern India's many faces, many voices, and points of view; among these I include the soldiers and civilians of British India—*Anglo-Indians;* and I apply the word throughout, in its true historic sense, to the English in India."

Mrs. Diver is a competent novelist, and I found her story absorbing. People who really care about our responsibilities in India will find it disturbing.

Read it, and see if you agree with her publishers.

Richard Kenaston Carey was on a yacht and was fed up. So he went ashore at Piræus in a cold fury, and after awhile found himself in a murderous mix-up surrounding the person of one Mr. Alexander-opoulos. The result was a whack on the head and the pressing gratitude of the Levantine, who took him to a house in some wild Greek country and showered hospitality.

By a fountain in a forest glade he comes across a nymph and everything in the love story was lovely until her mistress, none other than the Goddess Diana, proves too much for our young hero. She turns him into an antlered stag.

He wakes up in hospital, goes home on the yacht, where a nice, grey-eyed girl was waiting for him.

Mr. Lewis Gibbs handles that difficult form, fantasy, with considerable skill in **PARABLE FOR LOVERS** (Dent. 7s. 6d). The book has charm, and is decorated by the pleasing art of Mr. Rex Whistler.

There is seldom anything pleasing about the characters of Mr. Caradoc Evans. **THIS WAY TO HEAVEN** (Rich and Cowan. 7s. 6d.) is no exception to his usual rule, except in this case they live in Hammersmith and not in Wales.

Unctuousness, hypocrisy, self-deception, religious smugness, and the depths of human meanness are the objects of what the blurb calls Mr. Caradoc Evans's "subtle castigation."

And well and truly in this book does he castigate them. He is not everybody's taste, but his many admirers will find everything to their taste here.

I suppose there are women who, being invited to a love affair by an infatuated man, would talk like this: "Because your wife is acting as she is, you feel the need of subduing some other woman to your temper and rhythm, of having some other woman vibrate with you and so re-establish your sense of masculine masterfulness."

The actual speech is about three times as long as this. In other words she is saying No.

An omnipresent thoroughness pervades this novel. **AN ALTAR IN THE FIELDS,** by Ludwig Lewisohn (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.), which makes it tough going for those who would like to get on with the author's story and who can even be interested in his philosophy.

Vernon Fane

DARK HAZARD, by W. R. Burnett (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). Who are your favourite American novelists: Hemingway? Sinclair Lewis? dos Passos? Louis Bromfield? Have you read **LITTLE CÆSAR! IRON MAN! THE GIANT SWING!** If not, you have missed somebody who is in the very front rank of contemporary American letters. Mr. W. R. Burnett has made literature out of that picturesque element of American life that surrounds gunmen, gangsters, pugilists, racing men.

—TO THE PUBLIC NOTICE: Some of those volumes illustrated above are reviewed on these pages

ACROSS BRIDGES like this in Northern Rhodesia

ALONG THE "GREAT NORTH ROAD" OF AFRICA: Crossing the frontier between Tanganyika and Northern Rhodesia

TRANSPORTED BY PRIMITIVE FERRIES OF THIS TYPE: By Charon in a *tarbush*

PASSING PAINTED WARRIORS in the Nubian Hills

ACQUIRING A CRESTED CRANE as a momentary mascot!

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

For a long time now I have been waiting for an opportunity to test one of the new Singer cars, as it was a very long time since I had taken one out on the road. Many years ago Singers were extremely popular, but my own opinion was they fell a little short of what one expected. Having noticed that the number of Singers on the road had increased tremendously, and that the cars looked extremely nice and appeared to be going very fast and silently, I looked forward to trying one in order to make certain that my observations could be confirmed by actual experience. My own car being away, having a Philco wireless set fitted to it, I took the opportunity of borrowing a Singer, and as I gave the company very little notice of my desire, I feel certain that the car they loaned me was an ordinary demonstration model, not tuned up specially in any way. I think, therefore, the remarks I am going to make may be taken to apply to the standard product. The particular model I was supplied with was a Saloon Fourteen.

I took the car over in a garage close to Piccadilly Circus at about midnight, but before I reached Knightsbridge I realized that the Singer I was driving was a very different motor car in every respect from those I had previously tried. When I put my foot down a distinct kick could be felt, and when I applied pressure to the brake pedal the car would stop as I wanted it. The engine has six cylinders, with a capacity of just over one-and-a-half litres, and the valves are overhead and operated by an overhead cam-shaft. Throughout its entire range of revolutions the engine is perfectly smooth and silent. Even when the speedometer needle approaches the seventy mark—what the limit is I am not certain—the car does not become fussy. Many cars can do between 60 and 70 m.p.h., but no one particularly cares to drive them at such speed because the engine unmistakably shows signs of its dislike to be pushed along so fast. On the other hand the Singer appeared to enjoy the experience as much as the driver.

The car is fitted with a free-wheel, which can be put out of action by the driver at will. When it is in operation the driver has what amounts to a pre-selector gear-box and the changes can be made without using the clutch at all. It is difficult to imagine anything simpler or more noiseless. I was also glad to notice that a Lucas Startix was fitted, which of course is a great convenience, especially when the free-wheel is being employed. Owner-drivers frequently dislike using a free-wheel where such is provided, because they are not sure of their brakes. On this Singer, however, the brakes were fully 100 per cent., and at any rate allowed me to use the free-wheel all the time without any misgivings at all.

I suppose I covered 150 miles in all, not a very great distance, but quite sufficient to demonstrate to me that the Singer of to-day is a car in the highest class of its size, and I am certainly now not surprised to find so many on the road. In fact, if the standard is maintained —and, from what I can hear, not only will this be done but even improved—then the popularity of all the models will increase very rapidly.

Every day, wherever I go, discussions still centre round the new Road Bill, and I also noticed in a recent issue of *The Autocar* that some very telling criticisms were made. As I thoroughly endorse what was said I will repeat the gist of the arguments used. For some reason best known to himself the Minister of Transport has decided that he will experiment with special crossing places for pedestrians, and likewise with lanes marked by lines down certain roads. As pedestrians are not to be compelled to use the crossing places it seems that the experiments are likely to prove inconclusive. Obviously if people on foot are still to be free to wander about the roads or where they like, and even cross against traffic signals, it is difficult to understand how any useful deduction can be made from the experiment. As far as the lines down arterial roads are concerned no notices have been placed where they start, or anywhere else, so that motorists have no official notification that they are to be used, so here again it is equally impossible to draw any satisfactory conclusions from the experiments being made. Surely, this is not the way to tackle a very serious problem.

In my conversations regarding the Road Bill with various people, I was particularly interested in some remarks made to me by Captain Woolf Barnato. According to him, these lines dividing the roads into lanes are painted on all principal thoroughfares in America. Not only do they serve their original purpose well, but they have the added advantage of providing a clear line in fog so that no dangerous kerb along the side of the road is needed. In America, if a car runs off the road it finds itself on the bordering grass or earth and can recover its normal course. In this country the hard stone or concrete kerbs are a distinct danger, so let us hope that, if the lines which mark out the traffic lanes are continued in this country, these dangerous kerbs will be removed.

American motorists, being able to follow these lines when it is dark or in foggy weather, have not the same inducement to carry ultra-powerful head-lamps, so that the dazzle danger is thereby reduced. Another reason why powerful head-lights are not required is that there are practically no cyclists, motor cars being so cheap that everyone who would be a cyclist is a motorist.

Another regulation which certainly adds to the general safety of the roads is that which compels a motorist to come to a definite stand-still when he drives from a side road on to a main thoroughfare.

When one hears of these road rules in other countries it seems strange that the Minister, or some responsible official under him, does not take a six-months' tour so that he could study the conditions prevailing on the Continent and in America, and then copy those rules which appear to be so simple, so efficacious, and so straightforward. What a waste of time to start experimenting, and even then in a half-hearted manner, when other nations have already done the experimenting and we have nothing more to do but to copy them.

Three-quarters of Britain's traffic signal installations will have to be scrapped before the whole country can enjoy the most efficient system of control available—vehicle-actuated signals. Only in London and five neighbouring counties are the older "fixed cycle" signals outnumbered by the most modern type. These facts are brought to light in an Automobile Association analysis of the distribution of traffic signals throughout the country.

Surrey, the A.A. investigation shows, is the most up-to-date county; 97 per cent. of the installations are vehicle-actuated. Middlesex is next with 83 per cent., Hertfordshire 66 per cent., Sussex 60 per cent., London Boroughs 54 per cent., and Kent 52 per cent. The Liverpool and North Wales area makes the best showing in the rest of the country with 47 per cent. of its signals vehicle-actuated. Essex with 40 per cent. is next, and then there is a big falling off. In Buckinghamshire, Berkshire, and Oxfordshire, the A.A. analysis shows only 26 per cent.; throughout Scotland 23 per cent.; in Manchester and North-western counties 22 per cent.; in Yorkshire 18 per cent., and in Gloucestershire, Somerset, Wiltshire, and Dorset 18 per cent. In one or two districts there is little or no evidence of the use of the modern type of signals, notably in the Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, and Huntingdonshire area. In Northumberland and Durham only 5 per cent. of the signals are vehicle-actuated, 11 per cent. in South Wales, 9 per cent. in Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, and South Derbyshire, and 12 per cent. in Devon and Cornwall. In the huge Midland area also the proportion is as low as 12 per cent. At important crossings in many parts of the country traffic signals now operate throughout the twenty-four hours, and vehicle-actuated signals are obviously more satisfactory for the periods when traffic is spasmodic. It is, therefore, to be hoped that Highway Authorities will, wherever possible, convert fixed time cycle signals in the interests of uniformity and efficiency. When the advantages of the vehicle-actuated system are considered, the cost of conversion is comparatively insignificant.

The Armstrong Siddeley Motor Company inform me that the British Vice-Consul in Paris has recently bought a 20-h.p. Armstrong Siddeley saloon while a similar car has been ordered for the official use of H.E. the Governor of Cyprus, Sir Herbert Richmond Palmer, K.C.M.G., C.B.E.

"ROVING" IN HOLLAND: The effective modernity of the 1934 Rover Fourteen Coupé—including the harmonic stabilizer, combined with the front bumper, controlled free-wheeling, and easy jacking—set against an age-old windmill-starred canal of Holland

Five moments in the journey made by Captain and Mrs. Kellett from London to Cape Town are recorded in the strip of pictures appearing above. The 2,000 miles to Syracuse were covered in seven days. South from Cairo the road crossed the Nile no fewer than nine times and then drove south through Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika, North and South Rhodesia. . . . Heat that reached 110 deg. but did not cause the cars to boil; soft sand, blown by the desert wind, that did not cause the wheels to spin; rocky land that did not cause the chassis to warp; changes of climate, of altitude, of temperature that did not affect the cars adversely in any way; quagmires, granite, terrain which permitted a top speed of 3 m.p.h.; river drifts, "roads" cut and built by the drivers and their mechanics themselves—none could stop the triumphant progress of the two Hillman Minx Standard Tourers that covered 25,000 miles at an average of 28·43 m.p.g.

FACETS IN THE JEWEL OF EMPIRE

VICEROY'S BODYGUARD—The most sought-after post in the Indian cavalry and the senior corps in the Indian Army—has two British and four Indian officers. A group taken at New Delhi a few days ago

THE VICEROY VISITS THE MAHARAJA OF BIKANIR: The Maharaja (right) with his heir apparent (centre), and the acting Governor-General of Rajputana. *Inset* —The State arrival of Lord and Lady Willingdon. In the background is the great aeroplane by which they arrived. The dark, wide strip against the undulating ripples of the background is not a promenade beside the sea, as would appear from the picture, but the State carpet laid across the aerodrome

BEXHILL-ON-SEA

BUT

SHELL

ON THE ROAD

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

"AA"

(Continued from p. 178)

headquarters, so that if necessary, representations for remedial action may be made to the local authority. He must also report all accidents, and erect A.A. loopway signs to indicate alternative routes made necessary by road reconstruction.

The Aviation Department prepares maps for owners of private aircraft, inspects and reports to the Air Ministry on the suitability of grounds for aerodromes; and, in fact, gives the same service to the owner pilot that the other departments of the A.A. render to the motorist. It is the A.A.'s proud boast that practically every record-breaking flight, even to the extent of crossing the Atlantic, has been planned in advance with the assistance of A.A. experts. This department was very much upset when Jim Mollison flew from Australia to think that he had negotiated the long and dangerous route without its assistance. On his arrival, however, it was discovered that he had bought the A.A. flying maps from another airman who had flown out from England. At the present time nine-tenths of owner pilots are members of the A.A.

ANOTHER FACT IS that there are eighty thousand women motorists who are members in their own right, as opposed to wives who come in under the head of their husbands' membership.

With regard to road routes, more than seven hundred thousand are issued every year to members. This shows an enormous demand for accurate touring information, even with an efficient system of sign-posting—itself so largely attributable to the activities of the A.A. Even before the War the A.A. had erected over three thousand village signs. To-day there are ninety-two thousand—indicating direction, caution, and the name of the village. The latter type was highly necessary because in the early days when passing through a town or hamlet there was no indication whatsoever of its name. In 1933 the cost of the patrols, village signs, telephone sentry boxes, and so on, amounted to £633,845.

As to the tendency among motorists to go farther afield, the infuriating Customs formalities were largely overcome by this organization unaided. Agreements were made with Continental countries which enabled the A.A. to issue Customs documents or passes. These obviated the need of depositing large sums against the duty at the borders of each particular country. Instead, it was guaranteed that the cars of the A.A. members would make only a temporary stay, or in default pay the duty. Nowadays, of course, the most elaborate arrangements exist to ensure the comfort and convenience of the motorist who decides to tour abroad. *Triptyques* and *carnets de passage en douanes* are open-sesames enabling a motorist to enjoy a care-free holiday wherever he goes.

FINALLY WE COME to the Legal Department, which cost £39,643 last year. Here, again, I could be given no actual statistics of service, but it is a fact that thousands of members receive legal advice from the A.A. as a matter of course.

It may be a problem regarding insurance, trouble with a manufacturer over a guarantee, an inquiry about the effect of a new regulation on a new type of car, civil claims, chances of recovery where accidents have occurred. Whatever the difficulty the A.A. solves it.

THE CORPORATE STATE

(Continued from p. 174)

I REMEMBER STANDING late one night by the arcade at the foot of the Via del Tritone, in Rome. Suddenly a host of newsboys came running by with special editions, and shouting their news frenziedly. I wondered who had been assassinated. Everyone bought a paper. In a few minutes knots of people could be seen under every street and caffè light, reading and discussing the special news Finally I managed to get a copy myself and, reading, was astonished to find that this special edition had been issued to announce that the final figures of the Italian harvest, just completed and announced in the Chamber, showed a result which, for the first time in modern history, was well in excess of national requirements.

The Battle of the Grain, as it is called in Italy, had ended in victory for the State! Now the news in itself was surprising, but what surprised me more was the immense public interest it occasioned. The Corporate State has aroused, in Italy, the commonwealth consciousness. The good of the State has become a very real and intimate thing to the Italian citizen.

RETURNED FROM ITALY, I wrote to several gentlemen I had met during my visit, asking a few questions about the Corporate State. I used such words and phrases as "liberty," "freedom of political opinion," and "working-men's rights." One reply said: "My principal difficulty in answering your leading questions regarding the Corporate State is that they are expressed in an ancient and, to my mind, a dead language; and I am expected to answer in the same style. I feel as though I had to carry out a number of difficult financial affairs in pre-War liras and francs!"

A BOOK LIST

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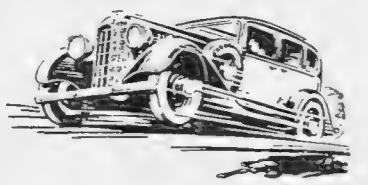

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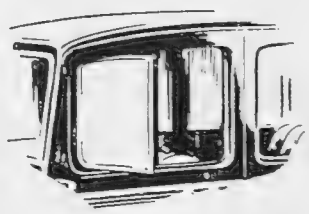

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SECTION OF THE SPHERE

A Special Monthly Feature Compiled by Experts on All Forms of Interior Decoration

FURNITURE *of* YESTERDAY *In* HOMES *of* TO-DAY

by JOAN WOOLLCOMBE

IT WAS, I think, the most modern of fashionable decorators who himself demonstrated and convinced me, that it is possible quite happily to combine the best of the period pieces with the best of the modern background, and live happily ever after with them.

A blue porcelain tiger, over 300 years old, holds aloft these golden Nell Gwynn candles

It certainly is an answer to a problem that afflicts a great many of us, who cannot afford, or who do not want, to "Go Modern" with complete disregard of our obligations to heirlooms, tradition, and, in some cases, reason and good taste! It was only a day or two ago that I accompanied a middle-aged relative on a rapid tour of London's better-known interior decoration centres, with the intention of persuading him that the equipment for living of the Moderns is not quite insupportable. At first, to his surprise, I took him to the showrooms of a firm well known for its perfect reproductions of period designs. Plaintively he exclaimed: "What could be better than that?" to each piece that particularly pleased him; adding finally, "Those are the household gods I prefer."

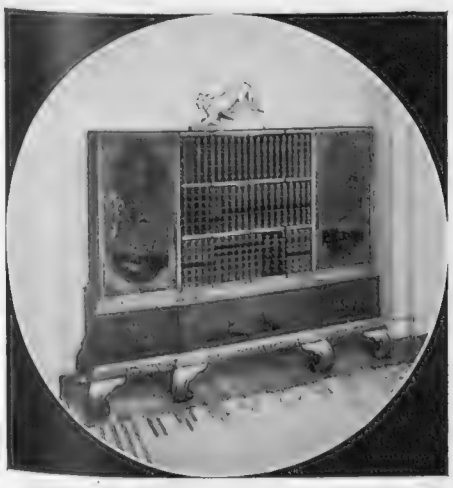
And then was surprised when I told him that he could not only prefer, but live with them, even in one of those modern apartments, complete with synthetic firing, central heating, and radio laid on. Because period furniture gains and does not lose if it be carefully placed against a svelte, smooth, modernist background of plain wall and streamlined cornices!

IT IS NOT NECESSARY to scrap everything and take violently to American cloth and tubular chromium, to "be modern." Indeed there are those who say that already these are out of date. But there is intrinsic beauty (and intrinsic value) in an "old English mahogany press" that dates from early eighteenth century, and that is part of your own family history. You can bring it into any room that it will enter without dwarfing that room, and it will radiate its own atmosphere peacefully.

Perfectly designed period reproductions against a simple light-grey painted grained effect in the modern manner *(Courtesy Gill and Reigate)*

THUS IT WAS not only for the sake of a middle-aged relative, but because my own and an even later generation are becoming increasingly interested in maintaining vital tradition in decoration, that I explored possibilities for acquiring antiques or impeccable reproductions. In doing so I discovered that perfect period furniture is intoxicatingly attractive in its warmth of character after the more coldly synthetic designs of to-day, with which I for one have been very much occupied.

Left alone in the innumerable showrooms of what is, I think, the finest collection in the world of what we call "antiques," I went even further than my middle-aged relative; he could live happily *with* them, but I began to fear that I could not live without them. The sense of history in a state of suspended animation that these silent showrooms give one is "formidable." "These things hold their intrinsic value always . . ." I was told, apropos of investment. With this one is, of course, concerned. But what appeals to most of us equally is the delightful effect of a Chippendale period chair, a grandfather clock or an oak press of dignified pedigree and perfect proportions—against that plain cream wall of the living-room. The Harris Showrooms, that are known to visitors all over the world, are not showrooms, but a minor national collection.



On left—A fine scarlet and gold lacquer cabinet adapted as a cocktail cabinet *(Courtesy Howard and Sons)*

It is the famous firm of Howards of Berners Street to whom I referred earlier in this article; they have achieved the seemingly impossible in their decoration of the Stratford-on-Avon Hotel in period style, among many other things! But in response to my own question, they agreed with the contention that it is not only possible but suitable to combine a modern background with period work, and went a step further to show that period design may be adapted extremely well to the practical necessities of the Moderns.

A fine lacquer cabinet, scarlet and gold in tone, has been cleverly adapted to contain a "drinks cabinet" behind its special façade of dummy book-spines; this adaptation does no violence to its design, and the space given for cupboards each side adds to the use of the piece. Actually the cocktail cabinet is indispensable in the small modern home; it is rarely combined with such fine cabinet work and such decorative value *in colour*, and the svelte wall as a background is ideal.

THE ONLY THING that neither ancient nor modern will stand as a stable companion is—cheap, showy reproductions of either! That is exactly why, with all our faults, we have achieved a step in advance—when we furnish we do it on the "few and good" principle—and it was after going carefully through the work of another famous house of craftsmen that I came upon the ideal "modern wall background" with some perfect walnut furniture of period design set against it. The light grey grained wall is essentially modern—so modern that I am told it is still a new idea and little used.

On right—A lovely old mahogany press with trays and drawers—dated 1730 *(Courtesy Harris and Sons)*

THE NEW FURNISHING FABRICS

And how to use them

by DEREK PATMORE

(Author of "Colour Schemes for the Modern Home" and "Modern Furnishing and Decoration")

The decorative possibilities of the new furnishing fabrics are exploited in this arrangement

IT HAS ONLY been during recent years that we have begun to appreciate the many decorative qualities of modern furnishing materials.

In all the new fabrics the quality of the colour and design have so improved, the colour combinations and weaves are so attractive, that many a decorative scheme could be built round any one of the new materials.

One of the reasons for these improvements is that the union of the best artists of to-day has brought about a revolution in the quality of colour and design in furnishing materials. It has made the choice so wide that it should be possible for everyone to discover a fabric that they like and with which they could live.

In this article I am going to try and show you how it is possible to decorate rooms round the new fabrics, but before doing so I would like to give the following advice to anyone who is thinking of re-furnishing or decorating her home. Before you buy a furnishing fabric, remember that thought should be given to the texture, weight, design, and the reaction to light of each material under consideration. Remember that some fabrics will darken a room, others will lighten it. As a rule it is a mistake to use large-patterned materials in a small room, and attention should be given particularly to the weave and texture of all the new fabrics, as so many of the latest designs rely on these two factors for their effect.

The most popular of the new fabrics fall into two classes—printed chintz and cretonnes—and mixed woven fabrics such as the materials produced by Donald Brothers and Warner and Sons.

It is an interesting fact that silk damasks and brocades are not used so frequently as they used to be, for even in period rooms people are using more and more modern furnishing fabrics.

Plain coloured materials are also in much demand, particularly if they have an unusual pattern or weave.

A bedroom decorated in one of Horrockses' new Prestona fabrics illustrates the fact that modern materials harmonise attractively in an old-fashioned interior. In this bedroom, which was furnished with wrought-iron furniture painted white and green, the curtains and upholstery had been carried out in a charming bird pattern in tones of beige and cream, whilst the walls and ceiling were a light beige. The effect of the whole scheme was very delightful.

Another unusual treatment of fabrics was seen in a dining-room entirely furnished with old mahogany Chippendale furniture where the seats of the dining-room chairs had been covered in a modern woven fabric by Warner and Sons in tones of cream, blue, and brown. The curtains were made in the same material, and the walls of the room were painted Chinese yellow. This daring contrast of colour is always successful provided that only several colours are employed in the scheme.

The honeycomb fabric of this settee is by Donald Bros. of Edinburgh

For the small country house or cottage, chintz still remains one of the ideal furnishing fabrics. It wears well, and whether it is made in a period or modern design it will always blend with all styles of furniture

One of the most attractive of the new chintzes is one made specially for Fortnum and Mason, which has a design of musical instruments drawn on a green, yellow, or beige background. Naturally, it is particularly suitable for a music-room or study.

Another attractive pattern for a country room is one of Horrockses' furnishing cretonnes called "Moonshine." This material has a design of a small moon seen through bare trees, and is made in all colours. It costs only 1s. 11d. per yard, and is double width, so that it is eminently practical.

For the Jacobean and Tudor interiors, there are a number of interesting new patterns that are reproductions of really old designs, and Hamptons carry a very fine range of such patterns.

Finally, Allan Walton, the well-known painter, has recently turned his attention to fabrics, and designed some really beautiful artificial silk and linen materials that would look really well in an antique setting.

On left—A beautifully balanced design of white love birds on a beige ground is seen in Horrockses' "Prestona Bird" fabric which has been used in this simple modern bedroom. The iron bedstead is interesting

On right—Old bleach linen and a chintz by Nicolas de Molas

A WEEK-END HOUSE

Erected and Equipped for £400

AS CITY LIFE becomes more exacting and hopes recede of living farther afield whilst remaining reasonably in touch, it becomes more and more essential to have a little place far enough away to allow the relaxation of sweet air and soothing quiet, yet near enough to town to be accessible to business and social contacts.

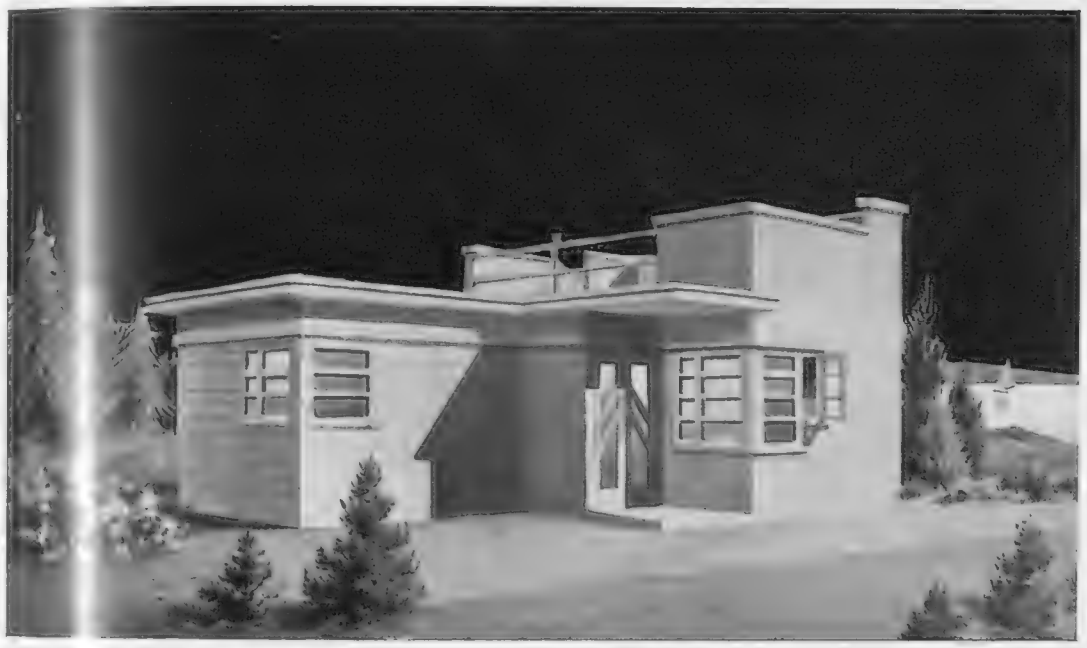
How to set about accomplishing this luxury is a problem one may easily decide to shelve for fear of its complexity, though in actual practice the difficulties are not so great as, and the expenses involved considerably less than, one is apt to guess.

As an alternative to building it is seldom wise to rent a house for this purpose, unless one is completely happy off the beaten track where, by very reason of its isolation, a house may sometimes be rented for a song.

On the whole, the most practical measure is to build for oneself and, whilst gaining the retreat, make an investment which may appreciate.

Once launched upon a building adventure, the temptation to add something here and improve something there is persistent and ruinous to the outlay intended. But, expenses apart, the smaller house invariably proves more convenient for week-end use.

Modern built-in furniture is shown in this room designed by Whiteleys, and everything is arranged to add to the comfort of its occupants



With a flat roof for sun-bathing and windows arranged to catch every scrap of light, this Boulton and Paul timber home is built from standard units

But how much will it cost to build? one naturally asks. The answer varies in exact accordance with the choice of locality, the size and shape of the house in mind, and the equipment one is prepared to indulge in or to do without.

The new timber frame house which was exhibited at this year's Olympia Exhibition is an interesting proposition for the prospective week-end house builder. This little place is built on the unit system, so that accommodation can be increased at will without affecting the basic design. The addition of standard units is a simple matter, and can be carried out at small expense.

Selected and seasoned timber is used for these houses, which are lined throughout with a composite fibre insulating, damp-proof, sound-proof building board. The flat asphalt roof provides a retreat for sun-bathing, and is approached by a stairway outside the house. The window area is ample and gives an abundance of light to every room. Type "D"—the house shown at Olympia — has two bedrooms, a lounge, and a kitchen. A bathroom can be added at an extra cost.

The complete framework, including two coats of distemper for interior decoration, will be delivered, carriage free, at the nearest goods station to the site for £169. All exterior walls and joinery have already been given three coats of paint.

In addition to this, the purchaser will have to meet the cost of cartage from the station, excavation and erection, plumbing, lighting, and sanitary fittings—bringing the whole thing at a very rough estimate to about £290, without land.

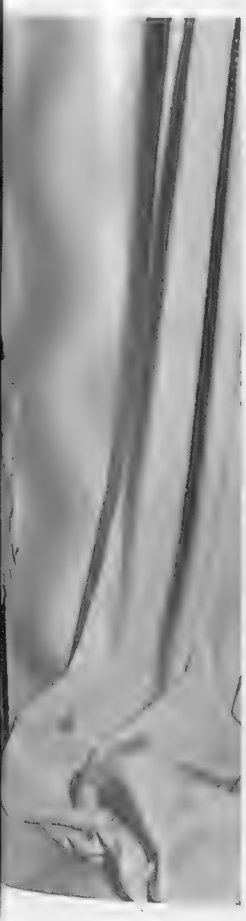
Having met the expenses of erecting and decorating the house, it may probably be necessary to exercise the strictest economy in furnishing and equipment.

The new unit furniture should also be considered when planning furnishing schemes for such a house as this, for it can be extended and adapted to suit personal taste by the addition of standard units. This interesting system of furnishing can be inspected at the permanent exhibition of building and furnishing which can be seen at Messrs. Whiteleys.

A hunt among the second-hand departments will yield upholstered easy chairs for three or four pounds. The same quality would cost, perhaps, ten when bought new, and loose covers can be fitted to freshen their appearance.

On the whole, and with care, the average week-end house of six rooms can be furnished simply but with all comfort for a hundred pounds. Personally, I have done it for less.

Winifred Lewis



On right—A very attractive cretonne covered divan from Jelks of Holloway. It costs £7 15s. and would look well in a room with pastel coloured distempered walls

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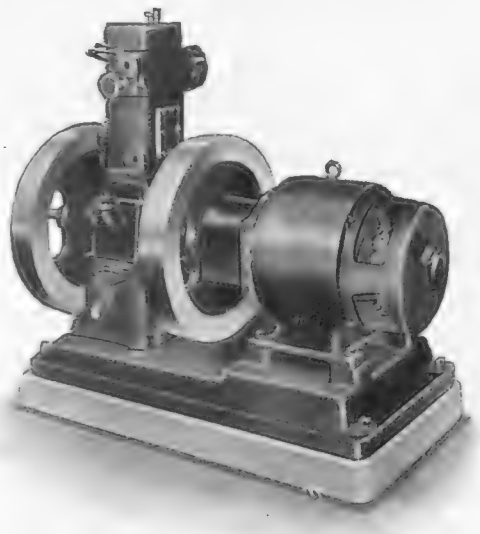

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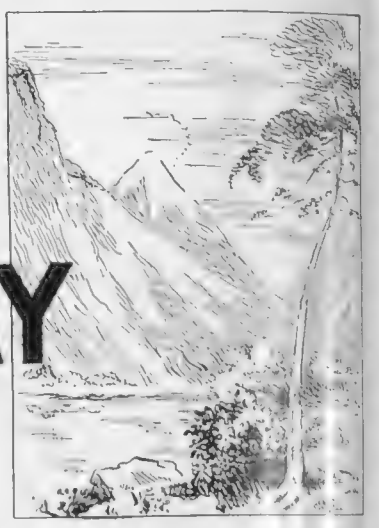

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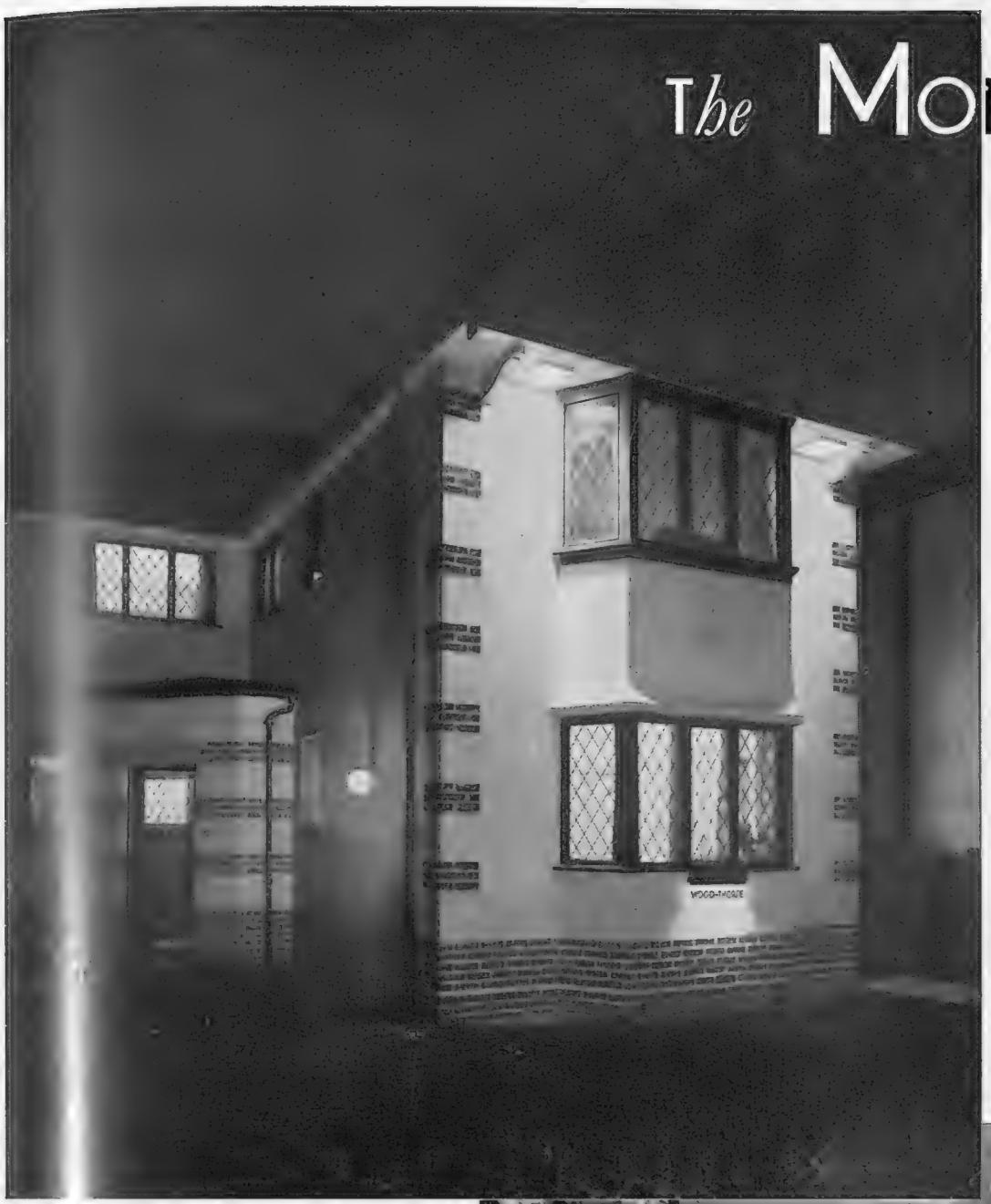
The MODERN ART of ILLUMINATION



Lighting panels recessed into the eaves illuminate the wall of this house, the name plate being thrown into relief by strip lighting beneath the sill

THE TREATMENT of electric light in the home has undergone more than one interesting change. In the early days attention was concentrated on the fittings themselves, with little consideration for their efficiency as illuminating units or for the beauty of the lighting as distinct from the appearance of the pendants or brackets carrying the sources of light.

Later, when illuminating engineering blossomed into a science, a great deal was heard of efficiency, and shades and reflectors were designed mainly to distribute the light so as to give the maximum useful illumination.

Efficiency, in the sense of securing adequate illumination with the smallest possible consumption of electricity, is of much less importance to-day. Not only do modern electric lamps yield more light for the same amount of current, electricity itself has become cheaper, and light can now be used generously instead of sparingly. Designers have taken full advantage of the freedom thus gained. They have, largely under the inspiration of the "modern" school, evolved types of fittings which represent a definite break from traditional styles. In addition, they have developed a novel technique, known as "architectural lighting."

The characteristic of architectural lighting is that the sources of light, instead of being supplementary to the structure of a room, form an integral part of the design. Translucent panels are arranged on the ceiling or walls or upon pillars; lamps are placed behind these panels in spaces with the background painted white to reflect the light. Soft, uniformly diffused illumination from large surfaces thus takes the place of the concentrated light emerging from ordinary fittings.

An approach to the effect of architectural lighting is afforded by some modern fittings. Pendants, for example, are designed with large panel surfaces, and wall brackets are fitted with tubular lamps in place of bulbs, thus enlarging the luminous area. Such brackets have a decorative effect in addition to their usefulness as auxiliary sources of light; they relieve any tendency to monotony which may be felt with purely architectural illumination, or with cornice lighting in which all the light is reflected from the ceiling.

An example of functional lighting in the modern manner. The bulb is completely enclosed—a most important point—and all glare is eliminated. The very simple standard has an æsthetic value apart from its convenience

THESE DEVELOPMENTS in the art of illumination clearly give a very wide scope for both decorative and utilitarian lighting, either combined or separate. They can also be applied with very charming effects to the lighting of windows, alcoves, and furniture. For example, a window which looks on a blank wall and is, therefore, normally depressing, can be made cheerful by concealed lighting giving the impression of a flood of sunlight—an impression heightened by the use of amber-tinted lamps. Alcoves may be treated in a similar fashion, a simple arrangement of coloured lamps greatly enhancing the result. Bookcases can be equipped with tubular lamps which illuminate the titles, and in the modern furniture which provides space for bowls of flowers the addition of diffused light can be made most effective.

A purely utilitarian development of furniture lighting is the provision of lamps inside wardrobes and cupboards. They are arranged so that the opening of the door switches on the light and the closing switches it off.

FROM THE decorative point of view there are many possibilities in the use of colour-sprayed lamps—yellow, red, green, and blue. Their efficiency is, of course, lower than that of ordinary lamps, and therefore larger lamps are required to give the same volume of light.

While these developments in electric lighting suggest a more elaborate equipment than used to be customary, they are not expensive and, if installed under the supervision of a competent firm, are easy to clean and maintain in good condition. When building a new house or reconditioning an old one, the adoption of architectural lighting of the latest type makes no material addition to the cost.

IN CASES where houses are isolated the advisability of installing a private plant has to be considered.

One of the main advantags of such a plant is that it remains a realizable asset which would change hands at a fair price if the property were sold. The initial costs are comparatively low and the running costs, including those for upkeep, are in many instances below the rates offered by the local company. The amount of space taken up by the plant is another important point, but it may be taken for granted that nothing more than an outhouse would be required for the purposes of the average householder.

The introduction of the Diesel engine has made a tremendous difference to the private owner. Burning crude oil, which when purchased in two-ton lots works out at about 4d. a gallon, it provides electricity on an average at less than a penny a unit. Furthermore, the newest models have been simplified to such an extent that no skilled labour is essential if the engine is to be kept in order. It is a task that can perfectly well be undertaken by the gardener or chauffeur, especially as the installing firms give a very comprehensive service agreement which includes a periodical overhaul of the plant.

A beautiful example of indirect lighting installed by Drake and Gorham in an old panelled room. The general effect detracts in no way from the character of the room

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PICNICS OUT

AS A RULE, men don't like picnics. They associate them with sandwiches and having to open tins with makeshift tools. A little care will convert them, however. They can even be diddled about the sandwiches.

Show a man a ham, a loaf, a pat of butter, and a mustard pot, give him a plate and a knife and fork, and he will praise the excellent meal. It takes rather more room in the picnic basket, but a happy man is a much greater possession at a picnic than a few more inches of cubic space in the car.

For an outdoor picnic a veal shape looks delicious and is thoroughly practical, for it can be carried in its bowl and turned out on arrival. It can alternatively be made with any meat and any vegetables

The first necessity of an outdoor picnic is its packability. Don't try to serve egg-shell pastry in egg-shell china. Be content with enamel. Here is a good

OUTDOOR PICNIC MENU

Shrimp Moulds

Optional { Veal Shape with Horse-radish Foam or Tomato Jellies / Cucumber Jellies }

Belgian Apple Tart or Fruit Juice Jellies

Tunny Fish Creams

This menu requires the minimum of service.

Shrimp Moulds.—(Set in pith containers such as dairies use for serving cream.) Dice the shrimps, and set them in aspic or calf's foot jelly flavoured with curry powder. Can be eaten in containers, or loosened before leaving home and turned out on the plates.

Veal Shape.—Pound to a cream 1 lb. cooked veal. Add 4 oz. fine breadcrumbs or mashed potato, a little grated onion, a pinch of mixed herbs (fresh, if possible), and almost any kind of vegetable except the cabbage family. Green peas are excellent. Moisten it with stock, tomato-juice, or milk, till it is a really *damp* mixture; add a beaten egg. Line a greased enamel pudding-bowl with alternate rows of sliced (skinned) tomato and hard-boiled egg: egg-ends at the bottom. Fill it with the mixture and give it half-an-hour in the oven. Carry it in its bowl. It will turn out on a plate and look Ritz-y, and then go back to its bowl.

This is a grand left-over dish. It can be made with any meat, any vegetables, and the flavour can vary too.

Serve tomato jelly and cucumber jelly with this. They look pretty and taste delightful.

Horse-radish Foam can replace them. Get horse-radish cream such as is sold in bottles and jars. Soften it with real cream, and a little fresh mint, chopped almost to dust, is a delicious addition. If possible, whip it before serving, but this is optional.

Belgian Apple Tart.—Make good short paste—*not* flaky—and line a greased enamel plate with it ¼ in. thick. Prick it, cover it liberally with thinly-sliced apple, a sprinkling of currants, brown sugar, a dash of allspice. Cover it with more of the paste—40/45 minutes in a good oven. Let it cool very slowly.

Carry this with another plate over it, two rather broad elastic bands holding them together. Then it can go at the bottom of the basket.

Fruit Juice Jellies.—Pour 4 oz. grape juice or a small bottle of Emperia, the South African bottled juice, boiling, on 2 oz. powdered gelatine. Add 2 oz. white sugar, 1 gill orange juice, a little less lemon juice, and syrup from a tin of pineapple, all strained. Stir all together, set it in a moistened bowl, and serve it at the picnic slashed up on plates, with cream.

Tunny Fish Creams.—(N.B. Prepared two days before.) Mash a tin of tunny fish very finely, with celery salt and a cream cheese. Spread it thickly on very thin buttered brown bread in layers, four of bread, three of cream. Press them hard together, and keep them in air-tight tin. Cut downwards to serve.

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and PICNICS IN

With servants away
Employers can play.

THERE ARE few things more depressing than to meet the eye of a butler or other accredited servitor who is serving an unorthodox meal. A dreadful look it is, like the Yorkshire moors on a really wet day, or Gower Street on Sunday evening. Very bleak.

The best formula for an indoor picnic is to let the servants do all the work, and then get rid of them for the evening.

INDOOR PICNIC

Halibut Cream Tart
Cider Ham
Creole Salad
Apricot Sorbet
Roquefort Nubbles

Halibut Cream Tart.—Very slowly cook halibut, or turbot, if you can, or hake if you must, till it can be flaked away from bones and skin. Pound it with mashed potato that has been made nearly liquid with cream or milk, and a dash of nutmeg, 1 lb. fish to 4 oz. potato. Add a beaten yolk, then the white beaten thick, but not stiff (two stiff whites if to be served hot). Line a shallow dish with short crust, cover it with the fish, and bake it in medium oven, after sprinkling the top with crisp, browned breadcrumbs and finely chopped mild anchovy.

Cider Ham.—Simmer the ham, or a good piece of gammon, in cider, which must be poured over it boiling hot. When the skin can be removed, let the ham half cool, then rub it with a paste of chopped onion and brown sugar, with a little cinnamon, and bake it very slowly for four or five hours.

Creole Salad.—This goes well with the ham. Mince cucumbers, sprinkle them with salt, cover them with very cold water for an hour Drain them, add two medium-minced onions, 3 oz. brown sugar, and a tablespoonful of vinegar, the same of cream, and a sprinkle of cayenne. Have shredded lettuce, very crisp, ready to mix in at the last moment.

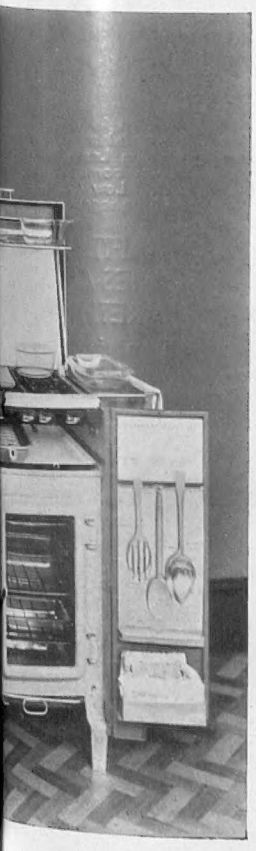
Roquefort nubbles are excellent for indoor picnic meals. Tomatoes, mushroom ketchup, and Roquefort cheese are the main ingredients with hors-d'œuvre biscuits to give added piquancy

Apricot Sorbet.—Rub ripe, cooked, soaked, or canned apricots through a fine sieve, and add syrup, a little lemon juice, and sweet wine—the old-fashioned Malaga is excellent, or one of the prevalent wine cocktails and raisin wine is not to be scorned, but in that case add more lemon juice. Beat it all up with some dissolved gelatine, and either a little or a great deal of whipped cream. Stand in cold place for two hours, and serve in long glasses.

This is one of those amusing dishes with which one may play in the matter of proportioning the flavours. You can turn it out smoother than syrup—a very Amelia Sedley of a dish; or it can be as biting and amusing as Becky Sharp herself.

Roquefort Nubbles.—Mix a tablespoonful each of tomato and mushroom ketchup and olive oil with salt and paprika and a little vinegar. Mash ¼ lb. Roquefort cheese (cream cheese is a mild variant) in this till it is a smooth paste. Pile it in hollow hors-d'œuvre biscuits or puff-paste rounds. Serve very cold with a sprinkle of paprika.

H. Pearl Adam



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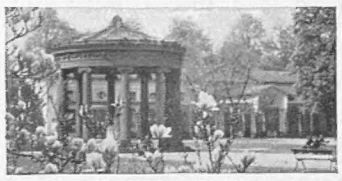

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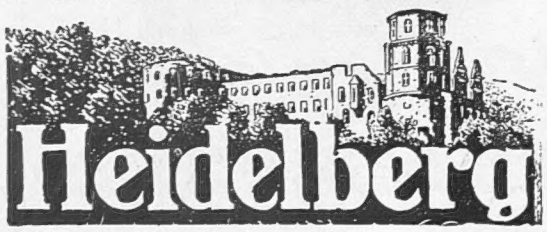

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A NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE WHALERS OF NEW ENGLAND: The good ship *Chas. W. Morgan*, last of the New Bedford whalers, placed on a concrete base in the air port of New Bedford, Massachusetts. It is a veritable museum, as all the details of the whaler of the old school are retained

FRIENDS OF THE POOR

Both the Marchioness of Carisbrooke and the Duchess of Rutland are working hard to make the ball for the Friends of the Poor on May 10 a great success. It bids fair to be very popular with this season's débutantes, and the Duchess is bringing a large party of Lady Ursula Manners' friends.

The Marchioness of Anglesey, the Earl of Ancaster, the Hon. Sybil Borthwick, Lady Corry, Lady Mulleneux Grayson, Lady Thomson Walker, Lady Dance, Mrs. W. H. Abbey, and Mrs. Woolland are amongst those arranging dinners.

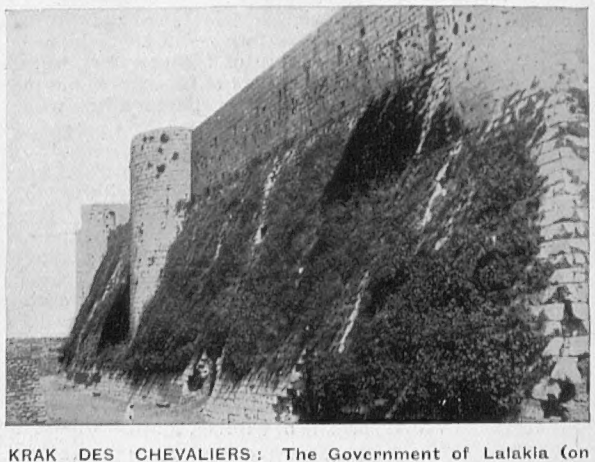
Viscount Clifden is lending 37, Grosvenor Square.

Tickets are 2 guineas each (including buffet and champagne supper), and may be obtained from the Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1.

MISSIONS TO SEAMEN

A concert arranged by the London Harbour Lights Guild on behalf of the Missions to Seamen will be held at 4, Seamore Place, W.1, on June 5 at 5.30 p.m., by kind permission of Jean, Countess of Inchcape. H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, has graciously promised to be present. The following artists have consented to appear: Antonio Brosa, Helen Henschel, Harriet Cohen, Joseph Hislop, and Ivor Newton at the piano.

A NEW CHILD IMPERSONATOR: Said by his sponsors to be a child artist of considerable talent and a remarkably faithful impersonator of various well-known American film stars, Maurice Lea made his bow to London audiences on April 23, when he commenced an engagement at Monico Restaurant, London, W. Lew Grade and Al Gold are this young artist's business managers



KRAK DES CHEVALIERS: The Government of Lalakia (on the coast of Northern Syria) has presented to the French Government the castle of Qalat-el-Husn, given to the Order of St. John in 1142 by Raymond II, Count of Tripolis. It held out against Saladin in 1187 but fell to Baibars, Sultan of Egypt, who attacked it in time of truce in 1271. A village has now been built inside it but it has been well preserved

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Baden-Baden.—Brenner's Stephanie Htl. & Brenner's Park Htl. (Kurhof).—Next to Cas. (Becara-Roultte), swmng. pool, & 18-h. golf.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Zähringerhof.—130 beds. Pension from Rm. 8—or with private thermal bath from R.M. 10.

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Freiburg.—Hotel Zahringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M.10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous hotel in a famous Spa. Thermal baths. Trout fishing. Otto Busch, Manager.

ITALY.

Menaggio.—Victoria Hotel.—(1st cl.) Golf (18). Tennis. Bowling. On lake shores away fr. mn. rd. Guests mostly Brit. Pen. 40-60 Lr. (13/6 to 18/6)

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Lausanne.—Lausanne Palace—Beau Site Hotels.—De luxe at rsnble. rates. Ex. cuisine. Nicest posit. Park, Garage, Priv. Tennis, Golf.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Vevey.—Grand Hotel de Vevey.—Large park with direct access to lake, own beach. 2 tennis, boating. Incl. rate (pens.) with bath, £1.

Vevey.—Parkhotel Mooser.—Great comfort. Terrace overlooking lake. Pension, francs 12.50 upwards. Ch. Hauser.

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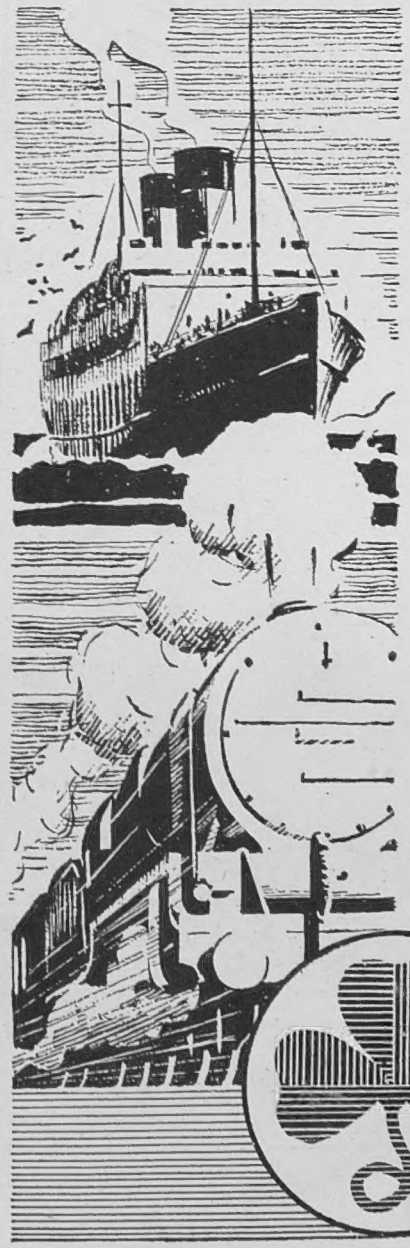

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Hints for Travellers

ITALY'S SUMMER COURSES FOR FOREIGNERS.

The Committee of Florence Cultural Institutes and the Italian University Institute have decided that the Summer Courses for Foreigners shall be held this year at Vallombrosa, the well-known health resort near Florence. The students will be housed at the Paradisino, which was formerly used as a retreat by the monks from the monastery below. The Paradisino is perched on a rocky ledge at a height of 3,402 ft., surrounded by dense fir woods, which stretch for miles in every direction. Students will have an excellent opportunity of combining work with play, for Tuscany contains some lovely scenery, while there are innumerable art treasures in its towns, both large and small. A link between Vallombrosa and England is the town's association with Milton, which he visited in 1638, and which is referred to in *Paradise Lost*, written twenty years after this visit.

SPRING CURES IN BAD NAUHEIM.

Now that the expenses of a trip to Germany are so much reduced, by means of purchasing "registered marks," the process of "taking the cure" is brought within the range of many more people. Different ailments are of course treated at different spas, but the ordinary person who wishes to take a holiday, and at the same time undergo a mild cure to tone up the nerve and blood system, should spend a few weeks at Bad Nauheim, the German spa near Frankfurt-am-Main, and one of the best-known spas in Europe. Apart from the baths and drinking springs, there is every facility at Bad Nauheim for an exceedingly pleasant holiday. The Kurhaus contains two theatres and a restaurant, while outside there are eleven tennis courts. A short distance away in the Frauenwald there is a golf course and in the same neighbourhood there is a lake where one can boat or fish. There is hotel accommodation to suit every purse and prices can be quoted to include both this and the cost of the cure.

Answers to Enquirers

P., Hants (Norway).—The fishing season in Norway is from June to mid-September. One of the best districts for trout fishing is Telemarken in Southern Norway. At the Bandak Hotel in Dalen or the Botn Hotel, Edland, you would get accommodation for about 7s. per day. The return fare from London to Bergen, with 3rd class rail travel in England and 2nd class accommodation on the steamer from Newcastle to Bergen, would be £10 2s. 6d. The Ellerman Wilson Line have a weekly service from Hull to Oslo, the return 1st class fare being £9.

G., London (Jerusalem to Naples).—The return 2nd class wagon-lit fare from Jerusalem to Naples via Istanbul would be about £71 (including the reduction granted by the Italian State Railways, for the Italian part of the journey). This quotation does not include the cost of meals en route; which would be an added and rather heavy item. The single journey would take about six days. It would be very much cheaper and just as quick to make the journey by boat. The Lloyd Triestino have a sailing from Haifa every Wednesday, arriving at Brindisi the following Sunday. The (approximately) ten-hour journey from Brindisi to Naples would, of course, be made by train. The return 1st class fare from Haifa to Brindisi by the Lloyd Triestino is about £47 13s. 4d. You will observe that this covers 1st class accommodation, and, of course, all meals en route, as compared with the 2nd class fare by rail without meals.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

THESE STORIES

"THE BLANK ROUNDS": *by F. E. Verney.*
"CATCH AS CATCH CAN": *by Sewell Stokes.*
"LAND OF THE MIRAGE": *by James Francis Dwyer.*
"THE MAN OF HONOUR": *by Hannen Swaffer.*
"A SHRED OF EVIDENCE": *by W. A. Darlington.*
"ALBERT MANSIONS": *by H. T. W. Bousfield.*
"OLD TALES RETOLD"—A DUEL OF EMPERORS. *Written and Illustrated by F. Matania,* R.I.

and these ARTICLES

LONDON FASHIONS: *by Madge Garland.*
WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH.
FLASHBACKS OF HISTORY: No. 5—THE CRAZE FOR EXHIBITIONS.
"V.C.'S" OF THE GREAT SLUMP: *by Joan Woollcombe.*
RIVIERA CAVALCADE, *by Ferdinand Tuohy.*
THE SKELETON IN THEIR CUPBOARD: No. 3.—STAVISKY, THE BAD MAN OF FRANCE: *by C. Patrick Thompson.*
THE MARCH OF TIME: *by Wilson McCarty.*
RE-ENTER THE OCCASIONAL TABLE: *by Winifred Lewis.*
BOOKS: *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer.*
RENOVATING YOUR HOME THIS SPRING.
YOUR VERY GOOD HEALTH: *by "Chrysis"*
THE USES OF PLYWOOD: *by Baseden Butt.*
HOW TO KNIT YOUR BATHING SUIT.
FROM NURSERY TO PLAYROOM.
THE BUSYBODY'S NOTEBOOK.
BRING YOUR GARDEN INTO YOUR HOME.
THE PAPER PATTERN SERVICE FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER.
ENTERTAINING UP-TO-DATE: INFORMAL LUNCHEON PARTY—"HELP YOURSELF" DINNER PARTY: *by A. H. Adair.*
MOTORING SECTION: *Conducted by the Earl of Cardigan.*

"These days," replied the young woman, unmoved, "it's impossible to tell. One can't be too careful. Undergraduates are joining the Force every day. I'm told 'C' Division is full of them."
"Not really?"
"Really. And now I come to look at you," she continued, fixing him with her very blue eyes, "your face is familiar to me."
"No doubt," said Hugo, with more than a touch of sarcasm, "you've noticed me on point-duty . . ."

". . . I'm rather surprised," he said, determined not to let her have it all her own way, "to find you running a place like this." Seemingly a little annoyed, she said: "You don't imagine I like it, do you? But when father died, leaving less than nothing, there was nothing for me to do but face the facts. And I'm facing them. One's got to live. By the way," she lowered her voice, "why did you sign a false name in the book? Afraid of a raid?"
"Well, these places get raided, don't they? One never knows when the police are going to turn up."
With a touch of pride she said: "I don't let policemen into the club . . . "

You'll enjoy every word of this dramatic Night Life story—"Catch as Catch Can"—in

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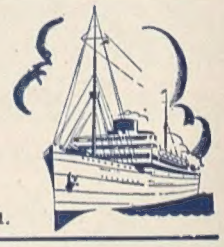

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